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ILLUSTRATED

Mirror.

A Paper for Men and Women.

140,000 People
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Advertisements.
See Pages 15 & 16.

No. 117.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

Passed Peacefully Away
Yesterday, Aged
Eighty-five.

PUBLIC SYMPATHY.

Widespread regret marked the reception of the news of the death, yesterday morning at 10.35, of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge at Gloucester House.

Wednesday's bulletins told the public that the end was near, and though, after the recur-

A SOLDIER SON.



Col. Augustus FitzGeorge is the third son of the late Duke. He was A.D.C. to the King when, as Prince of Wales, he made his Indian tour, and from 1886 to 95 was private secretary and equerry to his father.

rence of the much-feared hemorrhage of the stomach, a slight rally in his condition was announced, it was realised that there was no hope of his ultimate recovery.

His Royal Highness passed away peacefully after a period of absolute unconsciousness following another attack of hemorrhage.

Those present at his bedside at the last moment were his sons, Admiral FitzGeorge and Colonel FitzGeorge; his granddaughter Mrs. Hamilton; the Rev. Edgar Sheppard,

A SAILOR SON.



Rear-Admiral Adolphus FitzGeorge is the second son of the late Duke. His mother was Miss Louisa Farebrother, a beautiful Dublin actress, to whom the Duke was devoted, although the marriage was not recognised by the Royal Family.

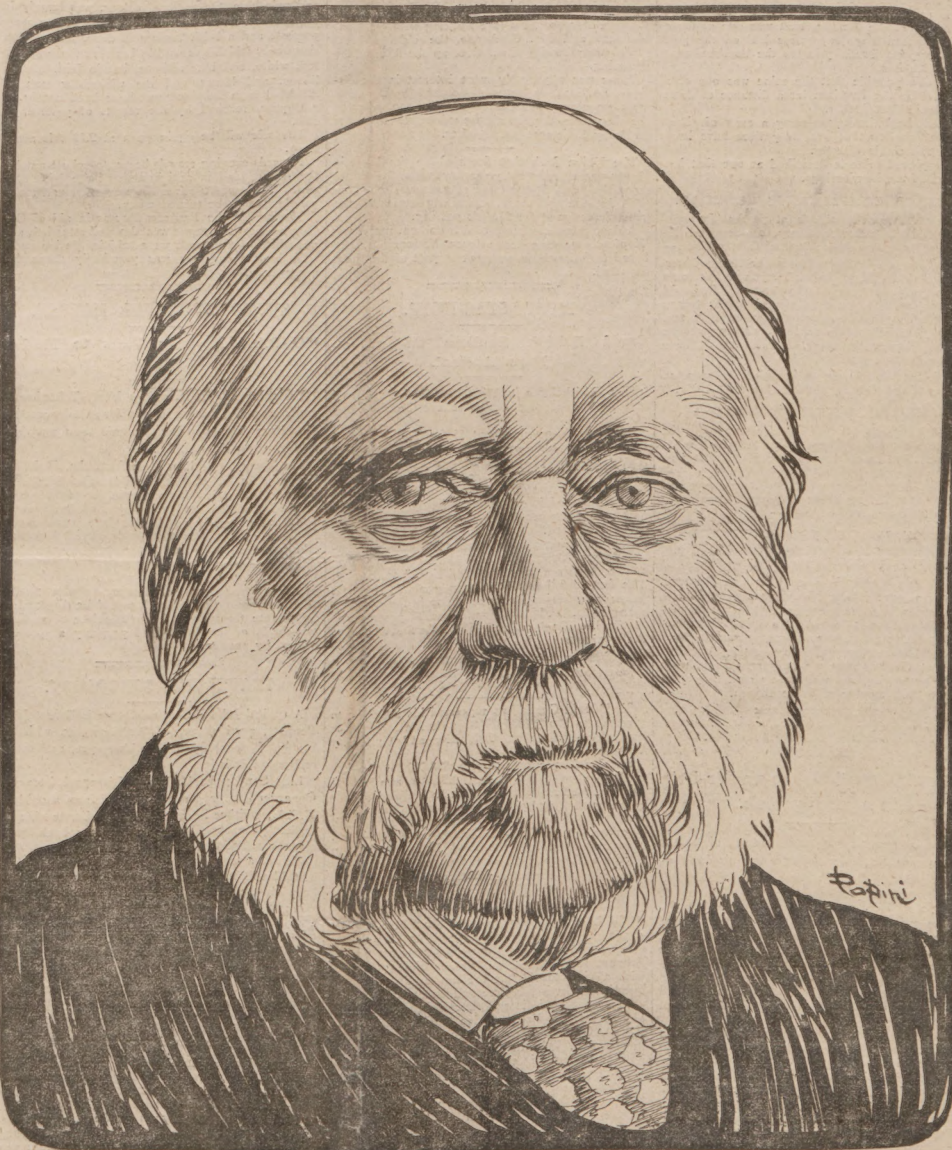
sub-dean of the Chapels Royal; Dr. Roxburgh Fuller, and the late Duke's steward, valet, and male nurse.

The first outside notification of the death was the lowering of all the blinds in Gloucester House.

A special messenger was then dispatched with the sad news to the King and Queen.

The Prince and Princess of Wales returned

"THE DUKE."



Full of years and honour, the old Duke of Cambridge has gone to his royal fathers. His extraordinary vitality made him a familiar figure to the people of the present day. Few men of his age could boast a longer or more enduring interest in the affairs of the nation. He was present at the Coronations of George IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria, and was yet keen to accompany the 1st Army Corps which went out to South Africa in 1895. Those who knew him most intimately, whether as a friend or as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, will mourn him most sincerely, but everyone will join in the regret which the nation must feel at the loss of so vigorous a personality in the circle of the royal house of Great Britain.

(Photo)

(Mendelssohn.)

from Portsmouth in the afternoon, having abandoned the rest of the week's engagements.

On the reception of the news in the City the Lord Mayor instantly caused the Union Jack at the Mansion House to be hoisted at half-mast, and also forwarded a message of condolence to the members of the Duke's family.

Everywhere throughout the City and West End flags, which were flying in honour of St. Patrick's Day, were throughout the rest of the day at half-mast, and on all sides expressions of regret were heard.

Directly the tidings-reached the Crystal Palace, all performances and business were brought to a sudden stop, and, by means of a whistle, the people present were collected in front of the grand organ, where, with heads bared, they listened in solemn silence to the playing of the "Dead March" in Saul.

About one o'clock in the afternoon the King and Queen called at Gloucester House to express their personal sympathy with the Duke's family.

Beyond the postponement of the Courts announced for to-day and next Tuesday none of the royal functions will be interfered with. The King and Queen will carry out their proposed visits to Denmark and Ireland, but there will be a period of six weeks' Court mourning.

The funeral will take place at Kew, in accordance, it is understood, with the Duke's wish. It will be conducted with full military honours, and memorial services will be held at the Chapels Royal, St. James's, and at other places.

The death of the Duke of Cambridge—he was the second to bear the title, which was created in 1801—leaves at the disposal of the King a Field-Marshal's baton and a Garter.

By no one in the royal circle will the Duke of Cambridge be more regretted than by the Queen. Her devotion to him in his last days, when she and the King were most regular in their calls at Gloucester House, is evidence of this. She was devoted to him, and he, in turn, was never tired of sounding her praises.

"I have just come from Marlborough House, gentlemen," he once told the officers of the Grenadier Guards at their regimental dinner. "A little affair of family interest has happened, you know. That most beautiful woman, the Princess of Wales, ran to meet me, so gay and so girlish. 'Uncle George,' she cried, 'I am a grandmother.' 'Bless me, dear me,' I said; 'you will never persuade people to believe it, even if you show them your grandchild.' The health of the Princess of Wales, gentlemen, and of her grandchild."

(Particulars of the Duke's Career on Page 8.)

HIDDEN MINE TERROR

Torpedo Boat and Fifty Men Blown to Atoms.

BOERS AID RUSSIA.

They Are Already Well On Their Way to the Front.

News is to hand of another Russian disaster. A reuter message from Chifu, dated yesterday, says:—

"While entering Port Arthur harbour yesterday the Russian torpedo-boat destroyer Skori struck an unplaced mine and was blown up. Only four of the crew were saved."

It is probable that the mine which caused the destruction of the Russian boat was one of those which Admiral Togo says were laid off the port by his torpedo flotilla prior to the bombardment on the 10th inst.

It is also possible that the mine was one of a train laid by the Russians for a distance of three miles round Port Arthur.

Torpedo-boat destroyers carry a crew of about fifty-five men, so that over fifty lives have been lost in this single disaster.

An unplaced mine is described as one that has got adrift from its moorings.

GENERAL COMPLIMENTS GENERAL.

General Linevich, who is at present in command of the Manchurian Army, has received the following telegram from General Kuropatkin:—

"I salute you in the midst of the troops whom you command. May God assist you to overcome the most arduous portion of your task. I should be happy to find you at the head of the troops whom the Emperor has graciously entrusted to me. I trust you will not leave them as long as the principal danger threatens, for the troops have full confidence in you."

No further details are to hand of the reported crossing of the Yalu by the Russian main body.

RUSSIA'S NEW SCOUTS.

Several days ago we published a rumour to the effect that a party of Boers had volunteered to act as scouts for Russia in the Far East. It now appears that the rumour is correct, and, as the following dispatch from our St. Petersburg correspondent will show, these new scouts are already well on their way to the front:—

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.

According to the "Samarskaya Gazeta," a body of fifty Boers has passed through the town of Samara, on the Volga, on their way to Tcheliabinsk, to entrain for the Far East. "They produced," says the "Gazeta," "a splendid impression by their great stature and manly appearance." The "Novoye Vremya," commenting on this, says that the burghers are only repaying Russia for the sympathy and assistance which they gave them in their trouble with the British.

AERIAL WHIRLIGIG.

"Miss Mirror" Takes an Air-Trip in a Flying Fish.

Round and round over the tree-tops, above the chimney-pots, hurtling through the air in ever-widening circles, flew the great fishes set a-whirl at at Norwood yesterday by Sir Hiram S. Maxim.

Those privileged to pass through the garden gates and examine the marvel closed saw that the gaily-painted fishes were part and parcel of the Captive Flying Machine, which is to be the attraction at Earl's Court in June.

The machine is an aerial merry-go-round, and the fish-shaped cars hang in mid-air at the end of strong wires.

The crowd of guests assembled at Sir Hiram's invitation mounted on a platform erected close to the central shaft, and viewed the Japanese monsters, which were seen to be furnished with seats inside for such bold spirits as might venture to make a trial trip.

"Miss Mirror," squeezing through the very small aperture, found herself inside what seemed to be a cross between a Noah's Ark and Jonah's whale.

Ensnared in the tail of the fish she looked curiously forth through the opening at the side and saw the spectators eagerly craning their necks on the garden paths, forty feet below.

Slowly the central shaft revolved, and the fishes moved slowly round. Gradually the pace increased, faster and faster went the giant flying-fish, the garden below seemed to rise steeply, the houses slanted, the fish tipped on its side, and "Miss Mirror" was too frightened to watch any longer the weirdly-distorted landscape.

Owing to Sir Hiram Maxim's illness the machine was not complete. When it is fixed up at Earl's Court, each fish will be provided with rudder and aeroplane, so that the passengers can perform all manner of eccentric evolutions, rising and falling and twirling hither and thither, while the fish are in flight.

DOG CAUSES FATAL COLLISION.

In giving an account to the coroner yesterday of the terrible cab collision at Greenwich on Monday afternoon, Edward Nugent, a labourer, who was riding on the box of the vehicle, said that the horse shied at a large black dog crossing the road.

After the collision a boy was picked up dead, and one of the women, Mrs. Ruggles, died soon afterwards from the effects of her injuries. The jury yesterday returned verdicts of Accidental Death, exonerating the driver from blame.

"LULO," M.P.

A PROUD DAY IN SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S LIFE.

Shamrock adorned the coats of the Premier and the Irish Secretary yesterday, and was "sporting" by "C.-B.," Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Herbert Gladstone, while there wasn't a "blay" on the Irish benches who hadn't enough of the delicate plant to bedeck the coats of half a dozen less-favoured Saxons.

But if yesterday was a great day in the Irish calendar, it was greater still in the political life of Sir William Harcourt, for "Lulo," his popular son, was to take his seat for the first time upon the historic benches of the Popular Chamber.

For the first hour of the sitting the eyes of members were constantly wandering to the giant figures of "Historicus" and the newly-elected member for Rosendale, as they sat together upon the bench beneath the clock, awaiting admission within the bar. Lady Harcourt, Mrs. "Lulo" Harcourt, and Mrs. Guiry (the Speaker's wife) paid a special visit to the ladies' gallery to witness the debut.

It was three o'clock when the Speaker extended the time-worn invitation, "Members desiring to take their seats," etc. Instantaneously a mighty shout went up from the Radical benches. Sir William Harcourt, his face working with emotion, his son, and Mr. Gladstone, the chief Liberal Whip, were bowing themselves up the floor of the Chamber.

There was apparently more interest in the distinguished-looking, smartly-groomed young man from populous Lancashire—and he, too, affected the shamrock—than in all the subsequent speeches on Army Estimates put together.

The Union Jack that floats above the Victoria Tower was at half-mast yesterday, when the House assembled, and at the close of questions Mr. Balfour, in subdued tones, gracefully expressed the general sorrow at the Duke's passing.

A deep murmur of approval from hon. members, all of whom, save half-a-dozen Nationalists, had bared their heads in reverent respect of the great departed.

TIBET STAG-HUNT.

Bored British Soldiers Capture a Rare Animal.

The British force in Tibet have had a new and exciting kind of stag-hunt to relieve the monotony of their lives.

The special correspondent of the "Daily Mail," telegraphing yesterday, says when the mounted infantry were on parade at Lingmathang, a female shoo, or Siklim stag, pursued by the village dogs, broke through the jungle.

The mounted infantry immediately gave chase, and headed the beast from the hills. An exciting pursuit followed. The shoo, after sinking several times in crossing and re-crossing a stream, was surrounded and captured.

The shoo is a very rare and little-known stag. The first to fall to a European gun was shot last January by Major Wallace Dunlop in the Lingmathang Hills. The specimen captured yesterday is destined for England, and will be the first animal of the species to reach Europe.

PRINCELY GIFT.

Sir Donald Currie has expressed his intention to give the sum of £100,000 towards the scheme for incorporating London University and University College.

Sir Donald proposes to give £50,000 for the new medical school buildings, and £50,000 for a nurses' home connected with and close to University College Hospital, and provide accommodation also for medical students. An additional sum of £2,500 will be given by Sir Donald Currie's daughters—Mrs. Mirrie, Mrs. Malena, and Mrs. Waseley—to furnish a library, etc., for the nurses' home.

CONCORD WITH FRANCE.

The London correspondent of the "Figaro" (according to Reuters) says he is able to give precise information regarding the negotiations proceeding between the English and French Foreign Offices with a view to settling the outstanding Colonial questions affecting France and Great Britain.

In exchange, it is said, for facilities which M. Delcasse is prepared to give to Great Britain in Egypt, Great Britain will renounce her interests in Morocco. An arrangement on this point will have to be made in concert with Spain.

France, it is believed, will resign her ancient privileges in Newfoundland, and in return will obtain certain territories, the possession of which will ensure communication between her West African colonies.

The "Temps," on the other hand, says nothing has yet been put in writing.

Captain W. L. Foster, D.S.O., one of the famous trio of Worcestershire cricketers, has accepted, with the consent of the British Government, an important post on the Imperial Ottoman General Staff in Macedonia.

SHAMROCK DAY.

IRISH GUARDS PROUDLY WEAR THE QUEEN'S GIFT.

The memory of St. Patrick's Day was "kept green" in London yesterday in a literal as well as a figurative sense.

The enterprising street hawker was alive to the public's taste, and from an earlier hour than eight o'clock in the morning City men, as they streamed out of the railway termini were besieged with offers of sprigs of shamrock. "Shamrock," indeed, the purchasers fondly believed it to be; but Covent Garden salesmen are cynical on the point.

As a compliment to the Irish regiments, the guard on duty at St. James's Palace yesterday was drawn from the 1st Battalion Irish Guards. They were played down from the barracks at Chelsea by the band, and each soldier displayed a small bunch of shamrock which had come as a gift from her Majesty the Queen.

The society event of the day was the Irish Industries sale at Grosvenor House. Here shamrock and pale blue, the national colour, was largely in evidence. Most of the leading Irish women were present, and a brisk trade was done, not only in shamrock, which was sold in bunches tied up with red, white, and blue ribbons, but in Irish friezes, linens, and laces; and the wished-for sum of £100,000 from London must have been nearly, if not quite, reached by the results of yesterday's sale.

The sale will be again open at 2.30 this afternoon.

Towards evening crowds began to collect outside the Albert Hall in anticipation of the Irish concert. The concert was a huge success, and many people had to be turned away.

The ball at the Empress Rooms in aid of Our Dumb Friends' League was also well attended, and quantities of shamrock were sold in the ballroom. In Dublin business was practically suspended everywhere.

SLUMP IN TOWN HOUSES.

"C.-B.'s" Mansion Fails to Find a Bid.

Yesterday afternoon, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, Messrs. Trollope offered for sale by auction Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's town mansion, 6, Grosvenor-place, S.W.

The house is held on lease from the Duke of Westminster for an unexpired term of fifty-three years. It contains forty rooms, is of the most palatial character, and was described by the auctioneer as eminently suitable for the occupation of a Minister of State or family of distinction, and admirably adapted for entertaining on a large scale.

Owing to the depression in the property market, however, not a single bid was elicited for the mansion, which was, of course, withdrawn, the auctioneer remarking that it would be disposed of by private treaty, this being the fate of at least two-thirds of the West End property at present offered by auction.

TRAVELLED SCHOOLBOY.

A typical John Bull in miniature is Ernest John Bennett, aged eleven, of Walthamstow, with his sturdy, thick-set figure, big blue eyes, and short-cropped, fair hair.

Last Sunday he landed at Liverpool from the Cunarder Etruria, having travelled from Brooklyn, U.S.A., whither he went in November to visit an uncle. He travelled out and came back quite alone—not bad for eleven years old!

He had a very fair time on the whole in America, he told a *Mirror* representative, but he is not over keen on the American men. "Too cheaky," he said; "seem to think they own the earth." The all-conquering American woman, however, he admires to be delightful.

"Any adventures in America?" asked the *Mirror* representative.

"I had one fight," he confessed proudly, "with a boy who was at the school I went to over there. It was a tough one, but I finished him. And I had another on the Etruria with a black boy. I licked him, too."

Frenzied with drink, Charles Dyer, a Birmingham hawker and an ex-soldier, in a quarrel with a young woman, named Simpson, with whom he had lived, attacked her with a knife and cut her throat. Yesterday, after an hour and a half's deliberation, a jury at Birmingham Assizes found him guilty of murder, and sentence of death was passed.

H.M. destroyer Conflict and torpedo-boat No. 110 have been in collision off the Isle of Wight during the submarine manoeuvres. The torpedo-boat's bows were twisted, and the destroyer's quarter stove in. No one was hurt.

TO EYE WITNESSES.

The "Daily Illustrated Mirror" invites amateur and professional artists and photographers to send IMMEDIATELY rough sketches and photographs of interesting and important happenings which may come under their notice at home or abroad. All photographs and sketches that are used by the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" will be paid for, but no photographs or sketches will be returned in any event. Express letter delivery or "train parcels" should be used whenever possible. Address: QUICK NEWS DEPARTMENT, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 2, Carmelite Street, London.

OLD SCANDAL REVIVED

Princess Louise of Saxe-Coburg's Unhappy Marriage.

A SORDID STORY.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

VIENNA, Thursday.

Six years ago Princess Louise of Belgium, the wife of Prince Philippe of Saxe-Coburg, suddenly quitted her villa at Cimiez, and, after twenty-three years of married life, chose a course of action that clouded the ancient honour of her name and lineage.

Now we have the sequel to the story. A sensational book is published here to-day called "The Last Few Years," and written by Lieutenant Mattatchich, a former admirer of the Princess, to whom it is dedicated.

The book discloses the painful history of the relations between Princess Louise and her husband. On her wedding day, says the author, she told her mother she so disliked her husband that she could not abide the thought of the honeymoon, but her objections were eventually over-ruled, and she left Brussels with the terrible impression in her mind, if the writer is to be believed, that her husband was really in love with her mother.

A Yellow-Back Story.

The next chapter in the sordid story came when at Budapest the Princess's brother-in-law, Ferdinand of Bulgaria, fell so deeply in love with her that he pressed her to remove her husband, and even brought her a dagger for the deed. Then, not to be denied, he insulted her with offers of a large sum of money if she would yield to his importunity.

Lieutenant Mattatchich tells the tale of his first meeting with the Princess in the Prater at Vienna, and how their relations gradually became more intimate, till she fled from Cimiez. Her passionate husband tried every means to force her return, and fought a duel with the lieutenant, whom he afterwards, under various pretexts, caused to be arrested.

The German Emperor, says the lieutenant in his book, told Duke Guntor of Schleswig-Holstein that he had married Princess Louise, the daughter of Princess Louise, that Prince Philippe was not fit to wear a uniform.

After Mattatchich had been arrested at the Agram Hotel, Prince Philippe's lawyer and doctor immediately forced their way into the bedroom where the Princess was lying. Although her lady-in-waiting begged them to leave they waited there, and they compelled her to dress before them.

The Princess's Resolve.

She was given the choice of doing one of two things, either to return immediately to the Coburg Palace or to retire to a sanatorium at Doubling. She chose the latter, and declared that she would sooner earn her own bread than go back to her husband.

Mattatchich, after his release, met the Princess secretly at Dresden, but he found himself surrounded by detectives and was forced to leave the city.

UGLY CHAUFFEURS WANTED.

Alarmed Society Taboos Fascinating Young Men.

There were a few weeks ago too many chauffeurs, now there seems a possibility of being too few.

It is not good nowadays to be a good-looking young chauffeur. You will obtain no situation if you are.

The motor-car is responsible for many things, besides accidents. Not a few runaway matches have resulted, and several young ladies have, with dire result, fallen victims to the fascinations of the leather-clad, beggoned man at the wheel.

A few days ago a rich gentleman well-known in racing circles and in smart society missed at one and the same time his daughter, his chauffeur, and his motor-car. He put two and two together, and after much expenditure of time and money he recovered the erring damsel and the car. He wanted to get rid of the chauffeur, so he had to part with £10,000 too.

Now he has engaged an elderly, much-married driver for his motor, and peace reigns.

But there are many other cases. The one-time romance of the groom and his employer's daughter is over and done with; the good-looking chauffeur has superseded him. Society is alarmed, and many chauffeurs have received a month's notice; in fact in one case a month's wages in lieu of notice have been meted out to an over-fascinating motor-driver by an apprehensive father.

The day of the elderly chauffeur is approaching—the older and the uglier he is the more certain is he of a situation.

Advertisements worded as follows are destined to appear in various newspapers:—

WANTED, elderly Chauffeurs; must be married, children preferred, personal cleanliness not objected to; experience not so much an essential as age.

PRINCESS AIDS POLICEMAN.

Princess Christian has displayed kindly consideration to a young policeman who was formerly in the household service at Cumberland Lodge.

Following rough treatment by some rowdies, the constable broke the anxiety of watching Mr. Whitaker Wright at Godalming.

The Princess procured his removal to Windsor Royal Infirmary and afterwards to St. George's Hospital. After an operation the Princess inquired daily as to his recovery, and she has now had the pleasure of seeing the young officer discharged, cured and restored to his family.

Wandsworth and Clapham guardians yesterday adopted a resolution in favour of closing licensed houses at 11 p.m.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Calm and light breezes; fair generally; sunny in the country, foggy in the towns; frost in the morning and at night.
Lighting-up time: 7.9 p.m.
Sea passages generally will be smooth with local fogs.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge died yesterday at Gloucester House. Widespread regret marked the reception of the news. The King and Queen personally offered their condolences to the late Duke's family. The Courts announced for to-day and Tuesday have been postponed. (Page 1.)

On receiving news of the Duke's death the Prince and Princess of Wales at once returned to London from Portsmouth. The funeral—with full military honours—will take place at 4. (Page 1.)

Tributes to the memory of the Duke were made in the Commons by the Premier, and in the Lords by Lord Lansdowne. (Page 2.)

Incidents in the career, public and domestic life of the late Duke are related in a specially-illustrated article. (Page 5.)

When entering Port Arthur Harbour the Russian torpedo boat destroyed Skori struck a mine and was blown up. Only four of the crew were saved. The general situation in the Far East remains unchanged. (Page 2.)

Our St. Petersburg correspondent confirms the statement that Boers had volunteered to act as scouts for Russia in the Far East. A party of fifty have passed through Samara on their way to the front. (Page 2.)

East Dorset election has resulted in the gain of a seat to the Opposition, the Liberal candidate having a majority of 820. (Page 2.)

Further letters of an interesting character referring to the Naval blackmail scandal are published in this issue. (Page 11.)

Mr. L. V. Harcourt, the new member for the Rosendale Division of Lancashire, took his seat in the Commons yesterday. (Page 2.)

"Love's Carnival," translated from a German play, was produced last evening at St. James's Theatre. (Page 7.)

Houdini, the handcuff expert, successfully accomplished the task set him by the *Mirror* at the Hippodrome yesterday. Locked in handcuffs, claimed to be the best of the kind and British made, he managed to get free within seventy minutes. (Page 3.)

In the Divorce Court was continued the hearing of the case Pollard v. Pollard, in which the King's Proctor intervenes. For the latter remarkable evidence was called respecting the methods of detectives. The hearing was again adjourned. (Page 6.)

Submitted for sale at auction yesterday, the town residence of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman failed to elicit a bid. The property, said the auctioneer, would be disposed of by private treaty. (Page 2.)

Sir F. Jeune has explained to a *Mirror* representative his recent sweeping statement concerning bachelors. (Page 4.)

St. Patrick's Day was duly observed in London. The Queen presented a small bunch of shamrock to each member of the Irish Guards on duty in London. (Page 2.)

Examined before the Official Receiver yesterday, a debtor, at one time major in the Army, attributed his bankruptcy to returning the hospitality of rich American friends. (Page 11.)

A tragic story was told at Dublin yesterday when a young man named Lowry was charged with the murder of his father. A sister, who went to the latter's rescue, was badly hurt, while her invalid mother was so upset that she died a few hours later. (Page 6.)

At Kingston-on-Thames the charge of stealing bank notes preferred against a Norbrian nurse was adjourned in consequence of the illness of the prosecutor. (Page 6.)

The appeal of the Rev. George Moore, vicar of Cowley, Oxford, against a judgment finding him guilty of misconduct, was yesterday allowed by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. (Page 6.)

Major Ricardo, of the Horse Guards (Blues), was married to Miss Nora Bell at Melton Mowbray. The event was made quite a St. Patrick's Day wedding, shamrock being largely worn. (Page 12.)

Tuesday, May 10, has been provisionally fixed for the British elimination trials for the Gordon Bennett race. They are to take place in the Isle of Man. (Page 11.)

Warner's team left Adelaide yesterday on board the Orontes for England. (Page 14.)

Racing at Gatwick attracted a large attendance. Sport was, on the whole, fairly interesting. (Page 14.)

Stock Exchange business was not so good yesterday, and there was also a less confident feeling in money circles, despite the fact that the Bank return was a strong one. Consols were level until closing, and Home Rails exceedingly quiet. (Page 15.)

To-Day's Arrangements.

Duchess of Albany attends a matinee at His Majesty's Theatre in aid of the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic.
Earl Roberts presides at a lecture by Dr. T. Miller on "The New Pacific War on a Strategic Point of View." United Service Institution, 3.
Mr. Aquist at Salisbury.
North London or University College Hospital, annual meeting.
Fencing: Final pools of the amateur championship, Crystal Palace, Westminster, 8.
Carriage and Dog Show.
Racing: Lingfield; Haydock Park.

HOUDINI'S GREAT VICTORY.

How He Picked the "Mirror"
Handcuffs in One Hour and Ten
Minutes—Telegram of
Thanks.

Not a seat was vacant in the mighty Hippodrome yesterday afternoon when Harry Houdini, the "Handcuff King," stepped into the arena and received an ovation worthy of a monarch.

For days past all London has been aware that on Saturday night last a representative of the *Mirror* had stepped into the arena, in response to Houdini's challenge to anybody to come forward and successfully manacle him, and had there and then made a match with America's Mysteriarch for Thursday afternoon.

In his travels the journalist had encountered a Birmingham blacksmith who had spent five years of his life in devising a lock which, he alleged, "no mortal man could pick." Promptly seeing he was in touch with a good thing, the Pressman had at once put an option upon the handcuff containing this lock, and brought it back to London with him.

It was submitted to London's best locksmiths, who were unanimous in their admiration of it,

five years to make. I do not know whether I am going to get out of it or not, but I can assure you I am going to do my best."

Appalled to the echo the Mysteriarch then retired within the cabinet that contains so many of his secrets.

All correct chronometers chronicled 3.15. In a long line in front of the stage stood the committee. Before them, in the centre of the arena, stood the little cabinet Houdini loves to call his "ghost-house." Restlessly pacing to and fro the *Mirror* representative kept an anxious eye on it.

False Hope Overthrown.

Those who have never stood in the position of a challenger can scarcely realise the sense of responsibility felt by one who has openly thrown down the gauntlet to a man who is popular with the public.

The *Mirror* had placed its reliance on the work of a British mechanic, and if Houdini succeeded in escaping in the first few minutes it was felt that the proceedings would develop into a mere farce.

But time went by. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes sped. Still the band played on. Then, at twenty-two minutes, Mr. Houdini put his head out of the "ghost house," and this was the signal for a great outburst of cheering.

"He is free! he is free!" shouted several, and universal disappointment was felt when it was

as this was noticed. He looked in pitiable plight from his exertions and much exhausted.

He looked about for a moment, and then advanced to where his challenger stood.

"Will you remove the handcuffs for a moment," he said, "in order that I may take my coat off?"

For a few seconds the journalist considered. Then he replied: "I am indeed sorry to disoblige

CUTTING AWAY AN OBSTACLE.



Houdini astonished his audience yesterday by hacking to pieces his frock coat in his endeavour to secure greater freedom of movement.
(Drawn at the Hippodrome by a "Mirror" artist.)

you, Mr. Houdini, but I cannot unlock those cuffs unless you admit you are defeated."

The reason was obvious. Mr. Houdini had seen the cuffs locked, but he had never seen them unlocked. Consequently the Pressman thought there might be more in the request than appeared on the surface.

Frock Coat Sacrificed.

Houdini evidently does not stick at trifles. He manoeuvred until he got a penknife from his waistcoat pocket. This he opened with his teeth, and then, turning his coat inside out over his head, calmly proceeded to cut it to pieces.

The novelty of the proceeding delighted the audience, who yelled themselves frantic. The *Mirror* representative had rather a warm five minutes of it at this juncture. Many of the audience did not see the reason of his refusal, and expressed their disapproval of his action loudly.

Grimly, however, he looked on and watched Mr. Houdini once more re-enter the cabinet. Time sped on, and presently somebody recorded the fact that the Mysteriarch had been manacled just one hour.

Ten minutes more of anxious waiting, and then a surprise was in store for everybody.

Victory!

The band were just finishing a stirring march, when, with a great shout of victory, Houdini bounded from the cabinet, holding the shining handcuffs in his hand—free!

A mighty roar of gladness went up. Men waved their hats, shook hands one with the other. Ladies rushed their handkerchiefs, and the committee, waving forward as one man, shouldered Houdini, and bore him in triumph round the arena.

But the strain had been too much for the "Handcuff King," and he sobbed as though his heart would break.

With a mighty effort, however, he regained his composure, and received the congratulations of the *Mirror* in the true sportsmanlike spirit he has shown throughout the contest.

Presentation Model.

The journalist intimated to the audience that a beautiful solid silver model of the handcuffs would be made, and asked Mr. Houdini's permission to present this to him at no distant date.

Mr. Houdini told the audience that he had been challenged many times before, but he had never experienced such gentlemanly treatment and fair play in any contest he had been called upon to enter.

Mr. Houdini's wife was present at the performance, but, just before he cut the coat from him, was so overcome that she had to leave the Hippodrome.

Mr. Houdini calls his charming wife his mascot. "Eleven years ago she brought me luck," says the Handcuff Marvel, "and it has been with me ever since. I never had any before I married her." Mrs. Houdini is a fair, cultured, beautiful American lady, petite, fascinating, and clever.

A Sportsman's Telegram.

Late last night Mr. Houdini sent us the following telegram:—

Editors, *Mirror*,
2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C.

"Allow me to thank you for the open and upright manner in which your representative treated me in to-day's contest. Must say that it was one of the hardest, but at the same time one of the fairest, tests I ever had."
"HARRY HOUDINI."

LOCKING THE "DARBIES."



The representative of the "Mirror" found it no easy task to fasten the Birmingham handcuffs upon the powerful wrists of Houdini.

(Drawn by a "Mirror" artist at the Hippodrome.)

asserting that in all their experience they had never before seen such wonderful mechanism.

As a result the editors of the *Mirror* determined to put the lock to the severest test possible by challenging Mr. Houdini to be manacled with the cuffs.

Like a true sportsman, Mr. Houdini accepted our challenge in the spirit in which it was given, although, on his own confession, he did not like the look of the lock.

Mighty Audience.

Mr. Houdini's call was for three o'clock yesterday, but so intense was the excitement that the 4,000 spectators present could scarcely restrain their impatience whilst the six excellent turns which preceded him, cheered to the echo on other occasions, got through their "business."

Waiting quietly and unnoticed by the arena steps, the *Mirror* representative watched Mr. Houdini's entrance, and joined in giving his opponent-to-be in the lists one of the finest ovations mortal man has ever received.

"I am ready," said Houdini, concluding his address to the audience, "to be manacled by the *Mirror* representative if he be present."

A hearty burst of applause greeted the journalist as he stepped into the arena and shook hands with the "Handcuff King."

In the fewest possible words, the Pressman called for volunteers from the audience to act upon a committee to see fair play, and Mr. Houdini asked his friends also to step into the arena and watch his interests.

Houdini Handcuffed.

This done the journalist placed the handcuffs on Mr. Houdini's wrists and snapped them. Then, with an effort, he turned the key six times, thus securing the bolt as firmly as possible.

The committee being satisfied as to the security of the handcuff, Mr. Houdini said:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I am now locked up in a handcuff that has taken a British mechanic

ascertained that he had only put his head outside the cabinet in order to get a good look at the lock in strong electric light.

The band broke into a dreamy waltz as Houdini once more disappeared within the canopy. The disappointed spectators looked at their watches, murmured "What a shame!" gave Houdini an encouraging clap, and the journalist resumed his stride.

At thirty-five minutes Mr. Houdini again emerged. His collar was broken, water trickled in great channels down his face, and he looked generally warm and uncomfortable.

"My knees hurt," he explained to the audience. "I am not done yet."

The "house" went frantic with delight at their favourite's resolve, and this suggested an idea to the *Mirror* representative. He spoke rapidly to Mr. Parker, the Hippodrome manager, who was at the side of the stalls. That gentleman looked thoughtful for a moment—then nodded his head and whispered something to an attendant.

A Welcome Concession.

Presently the man appeared bearing a large cushion.

"The *Mirror* has no desire to submit Mr. Houdini to a torture test," said the representative, "and if Mr. Houdini will permit me I shall have great pleasure in offering him the use of this cushion."

The "Handcuff King" was glad evidently of the rest for his knees, for he pulled it through into the "ghost house."

Ladies trembled with suppressed excitement, and, despite the weary wait, not a yawn was noticed throughout the vast audience. For twenty minutes more the band played on, and then Houdini was seen to emerge once more from the cabinet.

Still handcuffed!

Almost a moan broke over the vast assemblage

THE LATE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

Incidents of His Career and Public and Domestic Life.

It will be exactly eighty-five years on the twenty-sixth of this month since George Frederick William Charles, who subsequently became Earl of Tipperary, Baron Culloden, Duke of Cambridge, was

was appointed by Queen Victoria upon her own initiative. During this long term of office he consistently disapproved of the Abolition of Purchase in the Army.

It was a sore disappointment to the gallant old Field-Marshal that he was not permitted to accompany the First Army Corps to South Africa in the autumn of 1899. But he took his revenge in daily worrying the War Office officials for the

lady was always called; and she, in her turn, was always received in an informal way by the members of the Royal Family.

Queen Victoria was wont to remark that the

Europe, in spite of his gout and his ponderous form.

About four years ago the Duke visited Rome. The Pope declined to see "Lord Culloden," but was quite agreeable to receive "H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge." Now, the Duke had heard from a friend that it was proper to talk Latin at the Vatican, so he rather nervously furnished up a few phrases and passwords.

The Vatican, on its part, hearing that the Duke spoke only in English, was equally punctilious, practising English assiduously.

When the Duke arrived at the outer portals of the Vatican (the guard said in very fair English, "This way, your royal highness." The Duke was surprised, and then delighted, as the same experience met him at each turn—English only was spoken.

"But," muttered the Duke, "the worst will come when I have to talk to the Pope."

It did. Reaching at last the Pope's apartment the Duke was welcomed in the best of English. The perfect accent so surprised the grand old royal prince that he blurted out, "Well, I'm—"

His Holiness laughed heartily on hearing the Duke's explanation of his surprise.

Rarely seen at Windsor except at a royal wedding or funeral, the Duke nevertheless took an active interest in the town. So surely as his Royal Highness's birthday has come round, so surely has a birthday cake been prepared and baked in the Windsor Castle kitchens, compounded according

THE DUKE'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.



Mrs. George FitzGeorge, the beautiful wife of the Duke's eldest son, joined the ranks of the "smart" business women of London some three years ago, opening a millinery establishment in Brook-street, Grosvenor-square.

(Drawn for the "Mirror" from a photo by Lallie Charles.)

born at Hanover. The Duke had two sisters—one the lady who became the Duchess of Teck, and in whose "Life" we obtain many charming and touching glimpses of the beloved brother of whom she was so proud; the other, Augusta, who is the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

Prince George, as he then was, entered the Army when he was fifteen. At the age of eighteen he was given a colonelcy, and four years later he became lieutenant-colonel of the 8th Dragoons. Even in his very youthful days he took his duties very seriously, and was sent at his own request to the Ionian Islands, and was also placed in command of the Dublin District.

When the Crimean War broke out the Duke was sent to the front in charge of the First Division,

latest tidings from the front, and on more than one occasion forcibly expressed his views on the conduct of the campaign in the lobbies.

At one time, as may easily be imagined, the Duke was considered a most desirable part at the leading Protestant Courts of Europe. But one day he met Miss Farebrother, a lady belonging

Duke was one of the few people left on earth who called her by her Christian name.

Despite the fact that the Duke always spoke his mind, even at the risk of giving offence, he was very popular with his own immediate relations. The Princess of Wales, when simply Princess May, was a great favourite with "Uncle George."

"My pretty little pet," he was heard to say in public on one occasion, "wheedles anything she wants to out of her old uncle."

The Duke of Cambridge driving his phaeton in the Park or walking in Piccadilly was but a few months ago one of the familiar sights of London. Every Sunday, too, for many years his Royal Highness entertained a number of superannuated warriors who had been with him at various periods of his military career, and all of whom regarded him with genuine affection.

On the occasion of the wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales the Duke of Cambridge gave a dinner to his Crimean veterans. One of the old fellows insisted on standing up in his conveyance to give a cheer for the royal couple.

In doing so he was knocked off his feet, and he fell into the roadway and broke his arm. Then and there the ambulance corps whisked him off to St. George's Hospital.

Nothing more was thought about him. The Duke appeared at the dinner "after a slogging

IN THE CRIMEA.



West England fought Russia in the Crimea the Duke, who was a colonel at eighteen, took command of the First Brigade. At Inkerman he was under hot fire for five hours; his horse was shot under him, and a ball tore his sleeve. His appointment as General Commanding-in-Chief came in 1856, at the end of the Crimean war.

(Drawn from a photograph for the "Mirror.")

to the famous recipe which the Duke of Cumberland, son of George III., brought over from Germany.

The dainty has always been forwarded to "Uncle George," no matter in what part of the world he may have been staying at the time.

Colonel FitzGeorge has always lived with his father, and has been a most devoted son. "Gussie," as he is familiarly termed in the Army, is the most genial of men, everyone's friend, a good shot, and plays a "devil of a hand" at Bridge. At piquet nobody can beat him.

AS BRIGADIER OF GUARDS.



This portrait shows the Duke in the days when, at the head of the Brigade of Guards, he showed magnificent courage at Inkerman, and passed unscathed through shot and shell. His sister, the late Duchess of Teck, wrote that "they all say it is a wonder he escaped."

to a well-known and highly-respected theatrical family, and fell violently in love with her.

The circumstances of the morganatic marriage that followed are too well-known to need recapitulation. Three sons and a daughter were the issue of that union, to which the Duke, to his credit, be it stated, was ever true. The late Queen Victoria never quite forgave the Duke this alliance.

On the other hand our King and Queen, then Prince and Princess of Wales, were on the most affectionate terms with Mrs. FitzGeorge, as the

day" and fraternised with his old comrades. Suddenly, to the amazement of everyone, in limped the hero of the morning's misadventure, with one arm in a sling.

"Do you think," he remarked, in answer to the surprised queries of his host, "that I would miss seeing your Royal Highness for such a trifle as a fractured arm after all we've gone through together?"

As "Lord Culloden" the Duke was always tripping backwards and forwards between England and

EAST DORSET—LIBERAL RETURNED.

Liberals hail as another sign of the "flowing tide" the return of Mr. C. H. Lyell yesterday for East Dorset. To unprejudiced people it is less an indication of conversion to the tenets of "C.-B." than to general dissatisfaction with the present Government.

The result was announced just before noon as follows:—

Mr. C. H. LYELL (L.)	5,929
Mr. VAN RAALTE (C.)	5,109

Liberal majority

820

The seat has been consistently a Conservative one for many years, but at the last General Elec-



MRS. ARCHIBALD HAMILTON is the charming daughter of Rear-Admiral Adolphus FitzGeorge, and granddaughter of the late Duke.

(Drawn from a photo for the "Mirror.")

tion the majority obtained by Mr. H. N. Sturt, who has now become a Peer, was only 96.

Mr. Lyell, the new member, is in his twenty-ninth year, and is the only son of Sir Leonard Lyell, until recently member for Orkney and Shetland.

There have been thirty-one by-elections, and the outcome is a net Liberal gain of eleven seats, counting twenty-two votes on a division,



MISS IRIS FITZGEORGE is the pretty little daughter of the late Col. George FitzGeorge and was a great favourite at Gloucester House.

(Drawn from a photo for the "Mirror.")

which it is interesting to recall was composed of Guards and the Highland Brigade.

There are many people who still aver that the Duke of Cambridge never saw active service. The historian Kinglake, however, records that "His Royal Highness greatly distinguished himself in the campaign. He was actively engaged both at the Alma and at Inkerman, and during the latter engagement had a very narrow escape of being impaled on a Cossack's lance."

It is an open secret that the Duke was the communicator of the tidings to Queen Victoria of the disorganised state of the Army.

So angry was Lord Raglan with his subordinate's action that he threatened to put him under arrest, and compelled him to return to England before the war was over.

For forty-six years the Duke of Cambridge could call himself by the proud title of Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, to which position he

THE NORBITON MYSTERY.

Case Retarded by the Prosecutor's Illness.

There was an unexpected development yesterday in the case against Miss Mary Davis when she was brought before the Kingston-on-Thames magistrates on a charge of stealing bank notes, jewellery, and other valuable property belonging to Mr. Charles Spencer Rolfe, of Dudley House, Norbiton. Miss Davis, it will be recalled, was formerly nursery governess in Mr. Rolfe's family, but disappeared on February 22, taking away with



MR. POLLARD, the re-opening of whose divorce case by the intervention of the King's Proctor has caused so great a sensation. [Drawn in court for the "Mirror."

her, it is alleged, the youngest child, "Poodles." A week ago she was arrested in Brighton. Addressing the magistrates, Mr. Charlton, the solicitor who appeared on behalf of the prosecutor at the last hearing, stated that he had received no further instructions from his client, who was not present, owing to illness. He would now withdraw from the case. The solicitor representing Miss Davis complained that it was most cruel that his client should be kept with so serious a charge—to which she had an absolute answer—hanging over her head. In applying for a renewal of bail he remarked that the case was one of a most extraordinary character.

VICAR'S SUCCESSFUL APPEAL.

The Rev. George Moore, vicar of Cowley, Oxford, has been successful in his appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council against the judgment of the Consistory Court of Oxford, which had found him guilty of misconduct with his dairy manageress, a woman named Johnson, and also of the immoral habit of swearing and ribaldry. The Lord Chancellor, in announcing the Committee's decision yesterday, said their lordships came to the conclusion that there was no corroboration of the woman's story in regard to the charge of misconduct, and with regard to the charge of swearing and ribaldry it had not been made out that Mr. Moore had been habitually guilty of such language as was contemplated by the statute. The appeal was allowed, therefore, in respect to both charges, but costs could not be allowed.

PECULIAR LIBEL ACTION.

One Sunday evening in March last year Frederick Newman, a journeyman plumber, met a friend named Pickett, who had been in an infirmary. Finding he was in need of a rest he took him to his lodgings in Clarendon-terrace, Maido Vale, and in the occupation of Mr. and Mrs. Strauss. Mr. Newman's wife was at the time in Brighton, and, accepting the offer made, Pickett stayed the night. Early in the morning, just as the two were leaving the premises, Mrs. Strauss called out to Newman, "I see you have a woman there." At breakfast time, when he returned, Newman remonstrated with her for saying such a thing, and then she said that if not a woman the person who slept in his room was not dressed in woman's clothes. A letter was sent to his wife at Brighton by the Strauss's to this effect. Yesterday in the High Court Newman brought an action to recover damages for libel which he alleged to be contained in the letter. The case had not concluded when the court rose.

SON CHARGED WITH MURDER.

Dublin has been the scene of a terrible tragedy, in respect of which James Lowry was yesterday remanded at the police-court. Whilst under the influence of drink, it is said, Lowry attacked his father with a razor, inflicting wounds which proved fatal. A daughter rushing to his assistance received severe injuries from the same weapon. The invalid mother, lying in the room, was so much upset that she died a few hours later. The prisoner wept bitterly in the dock while the story was unfolded.

GIRL CYCLIST'S PLEA.

The Maidstone County Court judge yesterday accepted the plea of infancy put forward by a domestic servant, twenty years of age, who was sued by a local ironmonger for damages done to a bicycle which she hired. His honour said the plea of infancy must prevail, as the machine had been hired for pleasure. If a person under age hired a bicycle for purposes of business or work it would be a different matter.

THEATRICAL CRITICISM.

Prosecutrix in a case that came before the North London magistrate yesterday stated that a framed picture stolen formed one of a collection of professional photographs. Mr. Fordham: Who was the professional—the Terrible Turk? (Laughter.) Witness: No, a group of about thirty actors and actresses. Mr. Fordham: More terrible still! (Laughter.)

AMAZING DIVORCE DISCLOSURES.

Mr. Pollard Tells of His Encounter with Davies, the Detective; His Visit to Jersey; and His Meeting with Mr. Osborn.

The extraordinary revelations that the King's Proctor's representative, Sir Edward Carson, made on Wednesday in opening his intervention to upset the decree nisi granted by Mr. Justice Barnes in the divorce case of Pollard v. Pollard two years ago was the cause of the President's Court being very inconveniently crowded yesterday. Not since the Hartopp case has the Divorce Court been so packed with people determined to get a hearing, if not a view, of a great sensational suit. Nor since the Hartopp case has there been such an array of eminent counsel opposed to one another. Heading the party of the King's Proctor was the Solicitor-General, who never appears in court unless a case of the very first-class demands his attention. Sir Edward Carson was wearing a bunch of shamrock in honour of St. Patrick's Day, but, apart from this little concession to the lighter side of things, he looked very grim indeed. Behind him, as assistants, sat two barristers who are accustomed on most occasions to lead in cases



MRS. POLLARD, who sued for divorce, alleging desertion and misconduct on the part of her husband. [Drawn in court for the "Mirror."

brought by the Treasury. These were Mr. Charles Mathews and Mr. Stevenson. On the opposite side of the court, prepared to combat the King's Proctor tooth and nail, were Sir Edward Clarke, regarded as the leader of the "fighting" portion of the English Bar, and Mr. Bagnall, who at ordinary times holds undisputed headship among Divorce Court counsel. Junior to these two leaders was Mr. Barnard, who holds the distinction of being briefed in two out of five divorce cases. To watch these champions a large proportion of the gentlemen whose briefs are few and far between had thrust themselves into the limited space allotted to them, and contested every square inch of standing room with the laymen for whom business or successful curiosity had obtained entrance into the court. The first witness of the day was Frank Mee, a railwayman employed at Plymouth. The questions put to him showed that the part of the case that was now to be presented was the strange, detective-dogged life that Mr. Pollard lived in Plymouth before his wife brought her divorce proceedings.

Mr. Pollard's Boots.

Mr. Pollard was then living at Plymouth with his parents, apart from his wife, who was allowing him 10s. a week. The King's Proctor alleges that her solicitor, Mr. Osborn, and the detective agency, Slater's, with whom Mr. Osborn's firm were in close association, were at that time doing their



MR. CARTWRIGHT, once secretary to Slater's Detective Agency, now in business for himself, and a principal witness against his former employers. [Drawn in court for the "Mirror."

best to induce conduct on Mr. Pollard's part that would make a divorce from him simple to obtain. The railwayman said that he had noticed Mr. Pollard in the company of Slater's detective Davies

in the bar of the Golden Fleece. Their conversation was about a proposed trip to Jersey, which Mr. Pollard declined to make because he had no boots fit to go in. Davies then replied that "that would be all right."

After the railwayman, a bootmaker named Lee, and an hotel-keeper, John Cleave, who in reply to Mr. Stevenson said his name was not Sir William Cleave, were called. The one said that Davies bought Mr. Pollard a pair of boots, the other that Davies paid for Mr. Pollard's drinks, and on one occasion pressed him to go to Jersey.

During this evidence Davies was a very prominent figure in court. He was repeatedly asked to come from his seat at the side of the jury-box, and to stand up in court to be identified.

Then everybody in court fixed their eyes on a tall, finely-built man, wearing an exceptionally large pair of flaxen moustachios, who did not seem in the least inconvenienced by the interest that was being taken in his appearance.

The attention of the court was after this transferred from Plymouth to Jersey by the mention of the name of a "Madame" Macnamara, St. Heliers. "Madame" was called, and proved to be a woman of substantial build and fresh colour.

She said that two young women, both of the Christian name of Marie, lived in her house at the time when Davies succeeded in getting Mr. Pollard to take a trip to Jersey.

A Sorry Story.

She remembered that late one night three gentlemen came and knocked at her door. One of them was Mr. Pollard, the second a gentleman whose name was not mentioned, and the third Davies.

Davies said that he was Mr. Pollard's valet, adding that he (the valet) was paid very highly for his work, as Mr. Pollard was not responsible for his actions.

Refreshments were suggested, and fetched by one of the Maries, and then, Madame told the Court, the two Maries retired with Mr. Pollard and the other gentleman.

But it was the valet who settled the bill, paying for the wine and making presents to the girls. Mr. Pollard was the worse for drink, and left before the others.

Some long time after this two other gentlemen called, but not on the same errand. Madame was about to say what their errand was, but was in-



SIR EDWARD CARSON, SOLICITOR-GENERAL, who supports the case of the King's Proctor in the Pollard Divorce, engaged the court yesterday wearing a sprig of shamrock, like the true Irishman he is. [Drawn in court for the "Mirror."

terrupted. She would know one of them again, she said. She also received a visit from an emissary from the King's Proctor.

Madame's story was corroborated by one of the Maries, a fresh-complexioned, country-looking girl, who gave her evidence in French.

The Jersey evidence was completed by the stories of a young girl, who keeps the accounts of the Star Hotel, and a Jersey cabman. The book-keeper said that Davies and Mr. Pollard stayed at the Star, and that both their bills were paid by Davies. The cabman said that he had driven Davies' party about and that they made him (the cabman) very drunk.

"I will now call Thomas Pollard," said Sir Edward Carson, and a tall, dark man stepped up into the witness-box. He did not answer the description of him given by Smith, one of the detectives who shadowed him at Plymouth, for he was by no means "mugose looking."

Mr. Pollard's Story.

The self-amused smile which seems to be a permanent characteristic of his face, only disappeared when he began to tell his story in a quiet matter-of-fact voice.

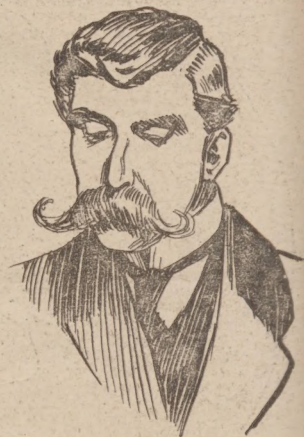
When he said that his age was fifty, Sir Edward Carson made one of the few humorous remarks of the day. "I sympathise with you," he said. Mr. Pollard then told the story of his married life. He met his wife at Herman's Restaurant, he said, where she was barmaid. He was then an insurance agent, employed in Gracechurch-street. They were married six weeks after the acquaintance began.

The marriage took place in 1891, and some years later Mr. Pollard, whose interest in some funds brought him in £140 a year, raised £600

on this security. The £600 he transferred to his wife, to be used for their mutual benefit.

Having dealt with his financial position, Mr. Pollard explained how it was that he went to live at Plymouth. It was at his wife's suggestion, and there was no unpleasantness between them when they parted.

Mr. Pollard's description of how he made the acquaintance of Davies was listened to with great



MR. DAVIES, one of the Slater's "detectives," who is alleged to have taken Mr. Pollard to Jersey with a view to obtaining "evidence" against him. [Drawn in court for the "Mirror."

curiosity. It was a lesson in the art of politely claiming acquaintance with a stranger.

Davies came up to Mr. Pollard when the latter was in the Golden Fleece, and said: "How are you? I have not seen you for years."

Mr. Pollard was naturally taken aback, for he had not seen the man before; but the stranger told him such a glib story of mutual acquaintances, etc., Davies, it appeared afterwards, knew about his first wife—that he thought that he must have forgotten the man's face. Moreover, the detective was very free in standing drinks and proved to be a very interesting conversationalist.

The trip to Jersey was organised because Davies said that he had business there, and would pay all his long-lost acquaintance's expenses if he would make the journey too.

His own reminiscences of the visit to Madame Macnamara's in Jersey were then given by Mr. Pollard. His most vivid recollection was that he was very much intoxicated.

On his return to Plymouth, he continued, he received a note from another stranger. The note was signed Albert Osborn. At Mr. Osborn's request he went to the Grand Hotel, and here he found Mr. Osborn, who provided him with a whisky and soda.

"A Nuisance and a Demon."

Mr. Osborn then told him, when he was thus fortified, that his wife, Mrs. Pollard, was about to institute proceedings against him.

"We have found out all about you in Plymouth," added the solicitor.

Passing to the allegations made against him with regard to Maud Goodman—allegations that were responsible for the "proof" of adultery in the divorce—Mr. Pollard denied that he had ever met Slater's instructions with regard to the Plymouth shadowing.

Mr. Pollard replied that he knew a Mr. Knowles, who was often in his wife's company at the Oriental Café, in Moorgate-street, when she was manageress there.

"Did you mention anything about Jersey to the King's Proctor?" was Sir Edward Clarke's first question when he rose to cross-examine.

Mr. Pollard: No; I did not.

Sir Edward Clarke: Do you not remember a treatment of your wife?

Mr. Pollard: No; I have no recollection of it.

Sir Edward Clarke: Did you call your mother a nuisance and a demon?

Mr. Pollard: I might have done so.

Nothing To Do With Polly.

Sir Edward Clarke: Did you ever try to intercept money that was sent to your mother?

Mr. Pollard: Yes; once. I forget what I did with it. It was not a large amount.

Sir Edward's cross-examination was then directed to an incident in which it is alleged Mr. Pollard, a woman who was not Mrs. Pollard, and a cabman took part.

Mr. Pollard denied that when he visited his wife at Forest Gate shortly before the divorce he asked the cabman to let him take the woman with him in the cab which he had engaged. Nor did he get out of the cab and try to run away before he had paid his fare.

A constable was called to eject him from his wife's house, but not because the cabman wanted to give him into charge.

Equally emphatic were Mr. Pollard's denials to questions put to him with regard to a Plymouth girl, called Polly.

The sitting was concluded with part of the evidence of the girl, Maud Goodman, who declared that she had been asked by Mr. Osborn to sign a statement saying that she had met Mr. Pollard in a house in Plymouth.

The case will be resumed to-day.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. TO-NIGHT, at 9.
JOSEPH ENTANGLED. By Henry Arthur Jones.
Preceded, at 8.20, by THE WIDOW WOOD.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
Proprietor and Manager, Mr. TREE.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.

THE DARLING OF THE GODS.
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily 10 to 10.

IMPERIAL THEATRE, Westminster.
TO-NIGHT, and EVERY EVENING, at 9.
MATINEE TO-MORROW and EVERY SATURDAY, at 3.
Mr. LEWIS WALLER
A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.
By Robert Grady.
At 8.15 A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

ST. JAMES'S. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
TO-NIGHT at 8.15 punctually, an English version, by Rudolf Bleichmann, of Otto Erich Hartleben's Play ROSEN-MONTAG, entitled 1899, 70, and 71—Address M.,
LOVE'S CARNIVAL.
Lieutenant Hans Rudorff, Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
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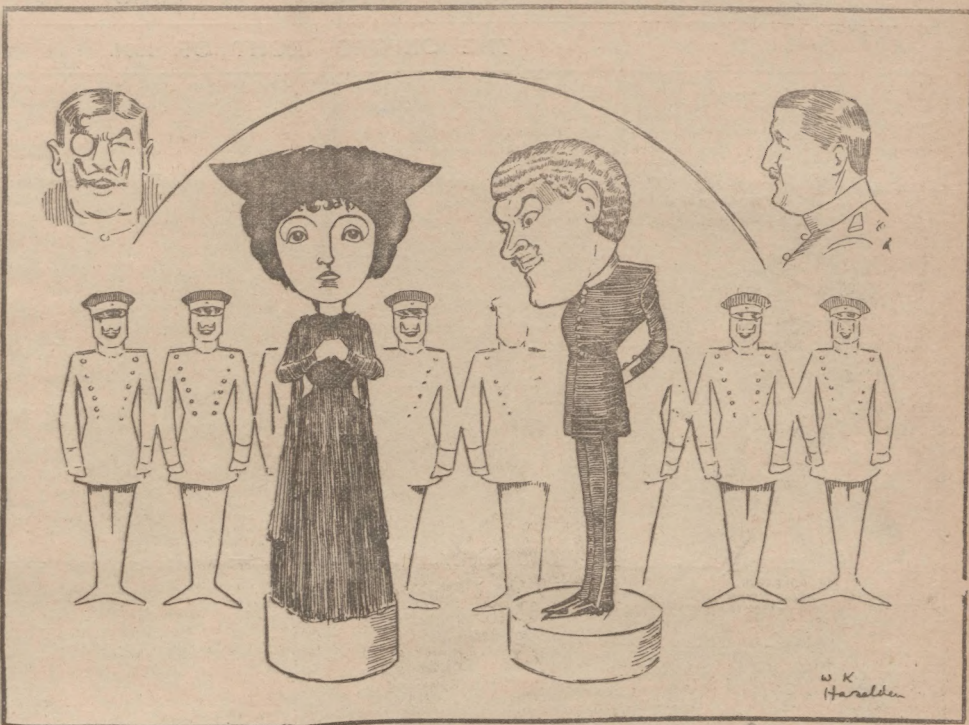
"THE DUKE."

Next to his Majesty, it is not too much to
say that the Duke of Cambridge was the most
popular member of the Royal Family. To
begin with, he was the oldest, and great age
always gives a public man a claim upon the
affection of the British race. Then he was
a Prince about whom the man in the street
knew a great deal, and what he knew he very
much liked.

The Duke was essentially an Englishman.
His devotion to duty, his anxiety to serve his
country, his bluff, outspoken manner, and
his detestation of anything like cant or pre-
tence, were all traits that we particularly ad-
mire. Again, the Duke won the warm-hearted
respect of his fellow-countrymen by marrying
for love. He refused to give up the woman of
his choice, although she was an actress and
he was of royal blood, very close to the
Throne. And, furthermore, he was a most
excellent husband and father. These domestic
virtues did as much to make him a general
favourite as anything in his public career.

Of that career it is not the moment now to
speak, though we may say that Queen Victoria
did not do the Duke at all a good turn when,
upon her own initiative, she created him Com-
mander-in-Chief of the Army. It must al-
ways put a member of the Royal Family into
an equivocal position to be given an office of
great responsibility, and the Duke would prob-
ably have been a happier man if he had not
been involved for so many years in the
troubles which had their centres at the War
Office and the Horse Guards. No one could
deny, however, that he did his very best both

LAST NIGHT'S NEW PLAY AT THE ST. JAMES'S.



In "Love's Carnival," which has now taken the place of "Old Heidelberg" at the St. James's Theatre, Mr. George Alexander and Miss Lillian Braithwaite play the principal parts. Mr. Lyall Swete (to the left) and Mr. Ernest Leicester (on the right) also distinguish themselves by clever acting.

for the Army and the nation throughout all
the long period of his command.

Having married out of his own rank, the
Duke leaves no successor to his dukedom,
but it would be a graceful and a popular act
if the Government were to ask the King to
re-create it for his eldest son, so as to pre-
serve a title to which the nation is much
attached.

'KING' BEYOND QUESTION.

Most heartily do we congratulate Mr. Houdi-
ni on his marvellous ingenuity in freeing
himself from the new and extraordinarily diffi-
cult handcuff which a representative of this
journal fixed upon his wrists at the London
Hippodrome yesterday afternoon. He has
by this feat, which many of the famous lock-
smiths declared to be impossible, established
beyond all question his title to be called the
"Handcuff King." We are very glad to have
been instrumental in helping him to prove his
right to that distinction. He has conquered
the best effort of British skill in the construc-
tion of a handcuff, and may now be said to
have shown that he can get out of any hand-
cuff in the world. Fortunately, there is no
danger of his giving his secret away to the
criminal classes. Once more we express our
admiration for his marvellous skill and
patience, and wish him in all his future en-
counters the same well-deserved success as he
enjoyed yesterday afternoon.

BREAKFAST TABLE TALK.

East Dorset, as might have been antici-
pated, has proved a buttered slide for the
Government.

An Imperial Ukase has been issued recall-
ing Rear-Admiral Molas on the ground of ill-
health. He is believed to be suffering from
tuberculosis.

A new and graceful walk, which is managed
by springing lightly from the ball of the foot,
is coming into fashion for ladies. It appears
from the description to be a species of globe-
trotting.

A Reuter telegram states that the M.C.C.
team, on arriving at Fremantle, will play a
football match. Mr. Warner and his men
find these one-sided cricket matches so dread-
fully dull.

From the agony column:—
I do not exact anything; but a firm belief in my
sincerity will not be misplaced.
Surely the advertiser means substantial
proofs of a firm belief in his sincerity.

Mr. Clarkson, the perruquier, tells of a man
who came to him to have a black eye "painted
out" in the morning, and returned the same
afternoon to have the same office performed

for his other eye. It is supposed that in the
meantime he had been looking for an
apology.

A contemporary poetically alludes to "the
retired fastnesses of Tibet." It is hard to see
how there can be anything retiring about fast-
ness, unless the phrase is an allusion to the
seamy past of the mountain kingdom.

According to a morning paper an American
firm has put on the market an improved
stocking "with pocket attachment." We are
quite sure that in this country at any rate
women will never stoop so low as this.

Russia seems determined to regard Korea
as a belligerent. This is rather a sell for the
Hermist Kingdom, which wished its friendship
for the Japanese in the south and the
Russians in the north to be entirely without
prejudice.

The Chinese equivalent of the "London
Gazette" mentions the discharge of a public
official on the ground that he is "an incapable
drunkard." Only a really capable drunkard
who is used to the work can expect to retain
official rank in the dominions of the Dowager-
Empress.

Said the small boy in the story when asked
by his friend for the reversion of the core of
his apple, "There ain't goin' to be no core."
He was a true prophet, if he had but known it,
for America has just produced a coreless and
pipless apple. The future has a dreary look
for the hangers-on of the juvenile hero.

During the fight of destroyers and torpedo
boats at Port Arthur it is said that the
Japanese and Russian vessels came so close
that the sailors threw coal and other missiles
at each other. A modern sea fight at close
quarters seems to lose most of its terrors, and
to be inclined to degenerate into a Passive
Resistance action.

News comes from Luxor that the sarco-
phagus of Queen Hatshepsut has been dis-
covered. It seems that the lady's correct
name is not the simple sneeze above alluded
to, but a complete cold in the head—namely,
Hatshepsut Maat Ka-Ra. The post-mortem
has not yet been held, but it seems probable
that her Majesty died of influenza.

According to an Austrian paper M. Pade-
rewski on being complimented by the Tsar
on the fact that he was a Russian, replied,
with all submission, that he was a Pole.
Shortly afterwards he received notice from
the police that he must leave St. Petersburg
within twenty-four hours and never enter it
again. In Russia, Poles are not allowed to
stand up for their country—they are expected
to fly the Russian flag "on top."

A pamphlet issued by the Pan-Germanic
Association discloses the remarkable fact (?)
that Joan of Arc, Columbus, Michael Angelo,
Benvenuto Cellini, Leoncavallo, Rossini,
Verdi, and last, but not least, Napoleon Bonaparte,
were all Germans! But what about
Shakespeare? There may be small evidence
that his real name was Schuitzelheimer, but
surely, as the Scotchman remarked, "his
abilities warrant the assumption!"

"LOVE'S CARNIVAL."

Mr. Alexander and Miss Braithwaite in Another German
Play at the St. James's.

Once again Mr. Alexander has scored a success
with a play of passionate hearts, and once again
those hearts are German. Indeed, "Love's Car-
nival," which was produced yesterday at the St.
James's, is at once more passionate and more
German than was "Old Heidelberg." It has been
translated by the same adapter, Mr. Rudolf Bleich-
mann, from Otto Erich Hartleben's play, "Rosen-
montag," "Rosenmontag" means, it may be men-
tioned, Shrove Tuesday—a day of far greater festi-
vity in Germany than it is with us.

In "Love's Carnival" these festivities serve to
supply a glowing background to one of the grim-
est and most poignant tragedies in which Mr.
Alexander has appeared.

A Hideous Conspiracy.

Hans Rudorff, a well-born, nervous, passionate,
and superensitive young officer—a sort of "Ham-
let" in the Kaiser's uniform—had, when the story
begins, already fallen head over ears in love with
a poor girl named Elsie Reimann (Miss Lillian
Braithwaite), who lived in the little garrison town
where he was stationed. So much was this so,
indeed, that two cousins of his, the Rambergs,
name, had devised a hideous plan to cure him of
his love. They had enticed the girl to the rooms
of a notorious blackguard—an officer named Gro-
bitzsch (Mr. Lyall Swete). They had plied her
there with wine, and then told young Rudorff that
poor Elsie had been unfaithful to him. The shock
of this had sent young Rudorff practically off his
head, and the play opens with his return, after
six months' leave of absence, engaged to the
daughter of a wealthy banker named Schmitz.

Thus, if it were not for the unrest and the un-
healed heart of Rudorff—betrayed by Mr. Alex-
ander with consummate skill—there seems at first
a prospect of nothing but joyousness and jollity.
It is Carnival week in the little garrison town, and
the young officers are in the highest of spirits. It
is "Old Heidelberg" over again. Then, by an
indiscreet admission on the part of the Rambergs,
Rudorff comes to know how basely he has been
tricked. Suddenly the whole play takes a new
hue, and events rush on to their terrible, inevitable
end. Throwing over the banker's daughter and
outraging every canon of military discipline and
social etiquette, Rudorff invites Elsie to his rooms.
For the moment Rudorff and Elsie abandon them-
selves to the rapture of love restored in a scene that
touches every heart.

The Only Way.

But there remains the fearful reckoning. What
with his broken troth to the fair Fraulein Schmitz,
not to speak of his broken word of honour to the
Colonel, regimental and family disgrace stare
Rudorff in the face. He sees no way out of it.
So, in the frenzy of youthful despair, he decides
upon having one night of wild pleasure with Elsie
at a masque ball and putting an end to himself
afterwards. They go to the ball together. He
tries to slip away unobserved, but Elsie follows
him. Thus, in a room off the stage, the sorrows
of Rudorff and his Elsie end.

As for the performance, the fiery intensity of
Mr. Alexander's acting, splendidly responded to
by Miss Lillian Braithwaite, who has never had a
stronger part than Elsie, and certainly has never
played one better, was pitched in just the right
key, and the remaining honours were divided
chiefly between those two trusty stalwarts—Mr.
Ernest Leicester and Mr. Lyall Swete.

THE GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF "THE DAILY ILL

THE OXFORD EIGHT OF 1904.



Top Row:—T. Brocklebank (bow); A. H. Hales (3); H. W. Jelf (4); R. W. Somersmith (2); J. D. Stobart (spare man). Bottom Row:—P. Underhill (5); A. K. Graham (stroke); C. P. Coans (7); A. R. Balfour (6); E. C. Warner (cox). The race takes place on March 26. [Meyer, Putney]

SINGS AND DANCES IN "AMORELLE."



Miss Mabelle Gillman takes the principal part in "Amorelle," a comic opera which ends its short but merry London career at the Comedy Theatre on Saturday. Mr. Boyd-Jones, whose death was chronicled yesterday, was a part author of "Amorelle," the last night of which will coincide with the 1,000th performance of "A Chinese Honeymoon," in which, as Lord Chancellor, he played a prominent part. [Photo—The Biograph Studio]

IN THE DAYS OF THEIR YOUTH.



The bright little boy who plays with cup and ball was known in 1827, when this portrait was engraved, as Prince George of Cambridge, his sister as Princess Augusta. The boy became the Duke of Cambridge, whose death is now lamented; the girl, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, is still living. [Drawn in 1827 by A. Wevell]

"DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" EXCEEDS 140,000 COPIES PER DAY.

H.R.H. THE LATE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, FIELD MARSHAL.



Graham (stroke);
(Moyse, Pulney,

H.



Portrait was engraved, as
the Duke of Cambridge,
after it, still living.

At twenty-five minutes to eleven yesterday the venerable Duke of Cambridge died at his London residence, Gloucester House. Had he survived until the 26th of March he would have completed his eighty-fifth year. He was the oldest Field Marshal of the British Army, and here appears in uniform proper to his rank. His death places the Royal Family in mourning, and leads to the postponement of the Courts announced for to-day and Tuesday next. His life was an active and strenuous one, devoted in great

AT A MAN'S MERCY.

By META SIMMINS, Author of "The Bishop's Wife," &c.

"Love's rosy bonds to iron shackles turned
Are worse than red-eyed hate."

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

CYNTHIA STANTON: A just, pretty, lovable, English girl.
ARTHUR GRAHAM: Young man in love with Cynthia Graham.
FAMIAN GRIEWOLD: The millionaire lover of Cynthia.
SIR GEORGE GRAHAM: Father of Cynthia and Pauline Woodruffe.
PAULINE WOODRUFFE: The beautiful wife of John Woodruffe. She fears her husband owing to her secret marriage with Miles Farniloe.
JOHN WOODRUFFE: Husband of Pauline. A man who loves his wife because she is beautiful.
OSWALD DRUMMOND: A very rich connoisseur of precious stones, Cynthia's uncle, who has been mysteriously murdered.
MILES FARNILOE: A scoundrel who has gone through a mock marriage with Pauline years ago.
INSPECTOR WHIGHT: Detective interested in the Drummond murder case.

CHAPTER XXV. Grudgingly and of Necessity.

"Miles Farniloe!" gasped Cynthia, and stopped short, staring at him with a frozen horror, as at some loathsome thing. "As drowning men are said to review their lives in a second's duration, so in that moment Cynthia, with a lightning flash of anticipation, saw the awful and possible ramifications which sprang from the man's presence there at that moment."

"Move on," he said beneath his breath. "For God's sake don't stand there staring at me, attracting crowds. Don't you know there's a price on my head—that the police are clamouring for my blood?"

Mechanically she obeyed, and he piloted her under the trees, their exquisite tracery of twigs now faintly blurred with the green prophecy of spring. Her feet seemed lead-weighted, the sunshine blotted out, the very breath of heaven contaminated by the existence of the man beside her.

"We are free from eavesdroppers here," he said, and paused. They faced each other, not altogether lonely, yet apart from the few passers-by. A man and a maid engaged in the eternal quest an on-looker, with ironic ignorance, would have labelled them. "A surprise meeting for you, eh?" He smiled, oddly.

Cynthia recovered her self-possession with an effort. "What do you want?" she asked indignantly, ignoring his offensive familiarity of manner. "Are you mad to come here—to speak to me, of all people? Have you no shame—no—?"

"I have nothing in the world but the clothes in which I stand upright. That, I think, successfully and comprehensively answers your questions. I am here, to be further explicit, because I am homeless, penniless, and friendless—a humiliating thing to have to confess, it is true, my dear Miss Cynthia—or Cynthia, was it not, in the old days?"

The girl quivered. "How dare you?" she said angrily. "This is not the time to be insolent. Do not be too sure—I have not yet decided whether my duty lies in giving you over to the first constable we meet."

He laughed shortly. "Not so fast, my dear cousin, not so fast! I think of Pauline. Besides, dear Pauline apart, you are too just, I am sure, to deliver up an innocent man falsely accused." "An innocent man!" She glanced at him scornfully.

"An innocent man!" he repeated, with mocking emphasis. "You ladies are so apt to jump to conclusions. You label a man guilty because his particular code of ethics, or the colour of his hair displeases you, irrespective of logical reasoning. The evidence against me was of the slightest—the visual testimony against your friend, Mr. Stanton, in my opinion, damning—yet what a sublime faith you display!" He waved his hand airily. "Magnificent, magnificent! Ah, you women are grand creatures, grand!"

Cynthia did not flinch. "You will find that impudence and effrontery will not serve you," she said, with ominous calm. "My sister and I are naturally anxious to avoid any further scandal, but there is a limit to our patience. I do not intend to denounce you; even if you were the vilest stranger I should be weak enough to let you go scot-free."

"Ah, how magnanimous!" he interrupted. "What generosity! Yet is it altogether charitable to leave me at large? On reflection, think how it would have contributed to the gaiety of nations—"

"A LIFE FOR A LOVE."

A THRILLING ROMANCE
BY
MRS. L. T. MEADE,
STARTS IN TO-DAY'S

"Illustrated Mail."

A PICTURE JOURNAL WITH
THE WEEK'S NEWS IN
PHOTOGRAPHS.

the pretty and diverting story I should have disclosed in the witness-box! 'For my word, I feel it's wrong, on moral grounds, to have drawn back. Imagine the immeasurable good a little pride-letting would do your estimable brother-in-law! To my mind—pardon the reference—a prig is infinitely more reprehensible than a murderer. Indeed, at times, the slayer of his fellow-man becomes an actual benefactor—"

"Listen," Cynthia interrupted him quietly. "You observe the collector of chair tolls; he is very near us. A word would summon him, and a word will, unless—"

"Ah, pardon, fair cousin; I am unforgivable, I admit," he said, half mockingly, half seriously. "I am sorry; believe me, I am not such a rascal as you think. Come, after all, am I not fairly at your mercy? My effrontery, as you call it, is but the mask of despair. I am sored by misery. Imagine the life I have lived since the day I forsook the hospitality of his most gracious Majesty. It is not pleasant to feel every man your enemy—"

He was afraid to sleep lest you betray yourself in your doze, I fear to eat in case some peculiarity of face or movement disclose your identity to the man who serves you. Bah! I have been tempted a hundred times to go back, innocent as I am. After all, what's the rope? I've had a merry life; I'll warrant it would have a merry close—a dramatic denouement, short shift, and a long, long sleep!"

His golden voice died away in a cadence of exquisite melancholy. He looked away over the grass to where the waters glistened in the sun, and Cynthia glanced at him in perplexity. His insouciance amazed her, the cool insolence of his references to her lover angered her beyond expression; yet for all her perplexity and anger, despite the pain in her heart and the coil of difficulties which twisted round her, there was something in his manner which, in spite of herself, made irresistible appeal to that spirit of devilry inherent in the heart of every woman. Scoundrel as she knew him beyond all doubt to be, and possibly a murderer, yet she could not truthfully have said, had the question been put to her, that at that moment she disliked him—facing it honestly, she was sorry for him.

A little silence fell between them; the distant striking of a clock roused her to a sense of the dangers which lay around them.

"We have been here too long," she began, "it is obviously impossible for us to remain talking. We shall assuredly attract attention; at any moment someone may pass who knows me. You want money. Can you give me some address to which I can forward it? I have none with me here."

He withdrew his eyes from their concentrated gaze in the distance. "I want more than money," he said, briefly.

"What?"
"Primarily to see my—to see Pauline."
"That is impossible." She tapped the decision out without a moment's hesitation, and looked at him with hard eyes from which the incipient sympathy had vanished.

He shrugged his shoulders. "By no means. You do not think, my dear young lady, that I have waited this morning in this somewhat public place, while you attended your romantic rendezvous with that well-intentioned duffard from Scotland Yard, merely that I might have the pain of signalling my re-acquaintance with you by asking you for money?" He laughed softly. "Ah, no, that would be too much risk for too little gain—a letter would have done that. No, what I want is a safe conduct into Stanhope-place."

"You must be mad to entertain such a proposition," she said contemptuously—"mad, and, as I said before, shameless. Oh, a minute or two ago I felt sorry for you, believed that perhaps you were not so black as you seemed, but this shows you in your true colours—shows that you are devoid of all decency! Are you not afraid that the very walls would cry out at your infamy if you entered Mr. Woodruffe's house?"

"Did the walls cry out when an old man was stabbed foully in the back?" he asked sternly. "Come, Cynthia, you're but a child—you cannot understand. I must see Pauline; it is imperative. Do you think a man endangers his very life from sheer wantonness? To-day already I've been twice in the very door, and my cowardice kept me back. Then I saw you and waited. Cynthia, you must take me in!"

In his eagerness he seized the girl's arm in a fierce grip. "Take me in on some excuse, you can do that. I've hung about and waited for Pauline—her confounded husband sticks to her like a leech, I've never had a chance to get near her."

She shook off his detaining grasp. "I will not take you in," she said. "You have some bad intention; meditate some further evil. What do you need of Pauline? You have wrought her harm enough, God knows. What can you have to say to her that you left unsaid when you lurked here to the police court—endangering her good name?"

He looked her up and down, the pupils of his eyes narrowed to needle points. "You refuse?" he asked, with an evil smile.

"Entirely and emphatically I refuse."
"So be it," he shrugged his shoulders, with the half foreign air which assorted so oddly with his present disguise. "You precipitate matters, usurp the office of omnipotence. The consequences are of your making—I will see Pauline, but I will see her husband first."

He turned away abruptly, and took a few long, striding steps across the grass. The girl's eyes followed him with a glance of absolute despair. She cast an anxious prayer to heaven. What had she done? What ought she to do? Breaking into a little run, she gained upon him, and touched his arm.

"What are you going to do?" she asked breathlessly.

He turned and looked down on her from his superior height.

"I am going to pay my respects to the husband of your sister," he replied, insolently.

"You must not do that." Her fingers crooked themselves into the rough sleeve of his coat.

"You force me to the action," he repeated.

"Oh, if one could but believe you!" she cried, despairingly, "if I could but think—"

"Can't you trust me?" he said, with a sudden change of manner. "Give me a chance, just get me into the house. Pauline will live to thank you, I swear that."

"Really?" She eyed him doubtfully. "You meditate no treachery? Surely even you must feel a certain sympathy for her—think of the child—it's a hideous risk!"

"The child?" he repeated, with a singular intonation. "Yes, I've thought of him a lot. As you say, it's a risk—a hideous risk—for me!"

They moved on together. "I don't know how it's to be done," she demurred. "The servants will see you and wonder. Mr. Woodruffe will ask questions. Oh, seeing that it is such a perilous thing for you, can I not be a go-between? I do not care what I do—now."

"You have a heart of gold, I know," he assured her, "but the thing will be easily enough done. There's the whole gamut of professions to choose from; you can introduce me as anything, from the secretary of the Prime Minister to a master sweep. Surely," he added, with a covert sneer, "Pauline's husband is not her jailer—he doesn't sit in the hall, or keep the visitors' book?"

Cynthia gave a bitter laugh. "Our world is falling to ruins, as it is. Come, I will do my best; the end is with God."

"I have one virtue," he said quietly, "modesty. I could never bring myself to believe that the Great Potter concerns Himself with such ill-turned vessels as myself."

Cynthia made no reply. Her heart was dead within her. Silently they walked on in the direction of Stanhope-place.

CHAPTER XXVI. Laying the Train.

Pauline was in the library writing letters when Cynthia burst in on her. Her unceremonious entrance surprised Mrs. Woodruffe. Cynthia's movements were usually sedate, but the time of the girl's sedateness was past, her nerves, strained beyond endurance, cracked. She glanced round her almost wildly, then closed the door behind her.

"What's the matter, child?" Pauline, genuinely alarmed by her sister's strange looks, rose hurriedly. "Everything is the matter," Cynthia said, distractedly. "You have deceived me, tricked me, Pauline."

Pauline recoiled. "I? What do you mean, Cynthia?"

Cynthia shook her head. "Oh, don't mind what I say. Listen, Pauline, a dreadful thing has happened. As I came across the Park who do you think accosted me?—Miles Farniloe!"

A little sound of horror escaped Pauline's pale lips. For the moment she could not speak, but stood still where she had risen, clasping at the chair for support.

"Do you not understand—I met Miles Farniloe?" Cynthia took her arm and shook it roughly. Her voice was a thin whisper, that cracked on the final note of her question.

"You met him?" Pauline put the question stupidly. "You met him? Did he say anything?"

"A great deal," answered Cynthia grimly, "but that is a matter of no consequence to you, Pauline. He is here to speak to you for himself."

"That man here?" The words were husky, almost unintelligible. The world was reeling round Pauline Woodruffe. There was a noise as of the rushing of many waters in her ears. She saw Cynthia, vaguely yet distinctly, as one sees through an inverted opera glass. "Where?"—then with a sudden fierceness, "Cynthia, you're not playing with me, torturing me? Oh, for God's sake, speak!"

"There is nothing to say, beyond the solid fact. Miles is here, in your boudoir. Go to him at once."

"But how did he get there? Cynthia, you wicked girl, is not revenge? You did not bring him here, surely not here—not into John's house, Cynthia?"

Her sister's agitation helped, illogically enough, to calm Cynthia's own. She glanced at her almost contemptuously. "Don't lose your self-control, Pauline," she said, sharply. "Go to him at once and see what he wants. He is disguised. Surely this is no time for shilly-shallying; John may come in at any moment!"

Mechanically, like a woman in a dream, Pauline moved slowly towards the door which Cynthia held open for her. The girl watched her walk across the dark hall—a graceful, dejected figure in her clinging draperies. The magnificent background of the hall served as an ironic comment on the deviousness of riches; beautiful, exquisitely clad, surrounded by all that taste and money could procure, there was no more wretched or terrified woman in the whole of London's grim population than Pauline Woodruffe. All this, passing through Cynthia's mind, riddled from it the skin of resentment and anger against her sister which Wright's words had called up.

As Pauline reached her boudoir door the shrill groans of a musical instrument in agony assaulted her ear. For a moment she paused outside the door, sick at heart, half blind, with a return of the faintness which had assailed her downstairs; then, with the courage of despair, she opened the door and went in.

At the sound of her entrance a man rose from the piano, upon which he had been striking a series of execrating chords.

"Ah, madame, your instrument—it is beyond my poor skill!" he said, with a bow.

Pauline stared at him. Then the voice betrayed itself.

"Madman," she said, hoarsely, "what do you want?"

To be continued to-morrow.

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This latest story by the popular author of "Mr. Barnes of New York" has all the dash and buoyancy that made Mr. Barnes famous in two continents, and his many numerous readers have been reading "The Sword in the Air" in spirit a throw-back to the earliest and best of the author's many fine novels.

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BLACKMAIL IN THE NAVY.

"Mirror" Revelations Reveal a Long-standing Scandal.

We continue to receive every day a number of letters on this important subject. It is quite clear that the time had fully come for the facts to be set forth. The scandal has evidently been going on for a long time, but the Admiralty can now hardly avoid instituting a severe inquiry.

"The father of an A.B.," writing from Wood Green, declares that we have as yet only touched the fringe of the subject. "In the words of my son a large number of people who come in touch with Jack look upon him as a just prey, and, consequently, resort to any and every subterfuge to bleed him. It is a pity that us fathers do not bestir ourselves to defend our naval sons (who cannot defend themselves, or will not) and expose the nefarious practices daily carried on in our seaport towns and elsewhere.

"Only the other day some Navy men were playing cards (against orders, I may add, but in their own time) when they were surprised by a naval policeman. What was the result? Did the policeman do his duty and report the culprits? No. One of their characteristics on occasion is to say very little. He laconically muttered, 'Five shillings!' and he got it. That was his price for surprising them at playing cards.

How Jack Parts.

"Some of the police look out for these surprise packets, and Jack, of course, parts up rather than get into trouble. What the result would be were Jack single-handed to split on the police I cannot say. I can only imagine. But were, say, fifty, or forty, or even a less number, to rise up in disgust (as it is their duty to do) and report such dirty practices, I think the authorities would soon do their duty.

"Again, another favourite trick to obtain a good haul on the part of some of the police is to let a game of 'Under and over' (so termed in the Navy, and played with dice and numbers on a board) proceed for some time, and then, when the numbers are well backed, the police corporal will appear—or, rather, will pounce upon the men, I should say—and, remarking something to this effect, 'Now then, I've got you this time,' leisurely proceed to scoop up the money on the board, which generally ranges from 10s. to £2, sometimes over, especially on a pay-day. This sum the policeman appropriates.

"How is that proved? I remarked that the policeman leisurely proceeded to scoop up the money. Why leisurely? To give his unfortunate victims time to escape, of course. Well, however, he looks round to get a charge, and cannot find one, what does he do? Well, he walks away.

It is understood that when the corporal has departed again, which he does very soon, the same can proceed with the game."

A letter from R.N. Barracks, Chatham, signed by an A.B., says: "Concerning the ownership of house property owned by ships' police, I beg to say that I know of one now serving in these barracks who has at least six houses at a village not far from Chatham, all of which have tenants in them, and it is believed he is about to build two more. This property has been acquired during the period he has been serving in these barracks. This I can prove, if necessary."

The Usual Half-Crown.

Another seaman, dating his letter from a ship in home waters, asks to be allowed to add his little testimony as to the accuracy of your articles. Blackmail in the R.N. has been going on for years now, and we didn't call it blackmail. Our term for it was 'tipping the crusher' or 'jaunty.' What surprises me is that it hasn't come out before. I've even tipped the bullying crushers myself. For instance, they've got a mania, or did have, for mustering seamen's bags, only to get tips out of the chaps. It was always 'Mustering your bags,' knowing only too well that you would get a kick of it, and would therefore tip the usual half-crown to have a few days' peace.

"One never knew if one was going on leave or not. Even after your name had gone in. Of course they would stop you on the least pretext for the most trivial affair in order to secure a few more half-crowns. But, Editor, if they did have a court of inquiry on same, why, that would only be a farce, and they'd look out that the truth did not come out, and woe betide any poor, humble Blue who dared to open his mouth on the subject. He'd be a marked man."

"A crusher named Griffin had more than one half-crown from you, humble, and he had houses in Ramsgate, got out of tips. Now, Mr. Crowe, I'm one that knows."

"The persons who are engaged in these irregularities," writes an A.B. in Chatham Barracks, who gives his name, like the rest, but naturally asks that it may not be published, "have a systematic way of going about the business. But why isn't this properly investigated? It is not likely that the men, if asked, are going to admit bribing, or of having seen it. Men cannot be expected to run with their eyes open direct into punishment. All I can say now is it's a pity the Navy has little or no representation in Parliament. Had this affair been in the Army it would have been sifted out long ago."

GREYBEARDS AND BOYS AT EVENING SCHOOL.

The Reverend Stewart Headlam, at the meeting of the London School Board yesterday afternoon, presented a report on the work of the continuation schools.

During six years these have grown in number from 276 to 976, and the number of pupils has increased from 52,304 to 146,759. All ages attended, from the boy of fourteen to the grandfather of seventy, but the majority were in their teens.

Most advance had been made in the study of modern languages, especially French.

"CONTAGIOUS NOISES" IN COURT.

Coughing several times interrupted Mr. Justice Darling's summing-up in a case before him in the King's Bench Division yesterday. "There are several people here making a horrible, and I should think, a contagious noise," he said. "If they cannot prevent it they must leave the court, and I will recommend them to a consumption hospital." I will instruct the usher not to allow people to stay in court who make these noises."

BY TRAIN ACROSS LAKE BAIKAL.



General Kuropatkin and his staff are travelling eastward at top speed. When they reach Lake Baikal their train will be drawn across forty miles of ice by horses, the liability of the inland sea to sudden thaws making it unwise to place too great weight on the frozen surface.

(Drawn from cable description and photos for the "Mirror".)

WAR NEWS IN JAPAN.

How the First Port Arthur Fight Was Announced in Tokio.

The following is a translation made in "English" by a Japanese resident in London of the news-sheet reproduced on this page:—

BIG WAR IN OUTSIDE OF PHOORTARTHUR.

The story, which is the certain story, when the English steamship was passing by the Phoortarthur, she looked Japanese warship and Russian warship, and they were having violent fire, wen they were setting on fire, Japanese never disturbance their military discipline, but Russian was contrariwise with them, and their three ships having danger by hurt of Japanese tori-to-to boat.

WAR IN GENSEN.

Russian ship (Retzivan) exploded, and (Cesarevitch) or steamship (Pallada) sinked too, but our fleet no have one dead person nor damage.

RUSSIAN WAR SHIP SINKED IN PHOORT-ARTHUR.

(See the report from Aretkischeep). Russian warship (129027 jon) (12937), (6731) Captivated enemy ship.

- 1 Ekaterinslav.
- 2 Mukden.
- 3 Kossin.
- 4 Argon.
- 5 Alexander.

MOTORING ROUND AN ISLAND.

Provisional Date of Gordon-Bennett "Dress Rehearsal."

Tuesday, May 10, is the day provisionally selected for the British eliminating trials for this year's Gordon-Bennett race.

"The Manx Legislature having sanctioned the holding of the trial races in the Isle of Man," remarked Mr. Julian Orde, secretary of the Automobile Club, yesterday, "we shall now get to work in earnest."

The eliminating contest will be, in fact, a kind of dress-rehearsal of the Gordon-Bennett race, with this important difference, of course, that all the competing cars will be British.

Fourteen cars in all will take part in the trials, and of that number five have been entered by Messrs. Edge, as representing the Napier manufacturers, and three each by the management of the Darracq, Wolseley, and Hutton firms.

The course is fifty miles in circuit, and it is proposed that all the competing cars shall traverse it six times—a total mileage of 300.

Discussing the prospects of the eliminating races, Mr. S. F. Edge gave it as his opinion that on account of the many turns on the course, and the absence of long straight stretches, no very great speeds are likely to be attained. An average of about fifty to sixty miles an hour will probably represent the best performance. If this proves the case an advance will be made on the mean speed of M. Jenatry, winner of last year's Gordon-Bennett race, who completed the journey at an average rate of slightly over forty-nine miles an hour.

RUINED BY HOSPITALITY.

To the Official Receiver yesterday a debtor, named Helbert, formerly a major in the Army, stated that his bankruptcy was chiefly due to excesses incurred in returning the hospitality of rich American friends. This, he said, accounted for debts for jewellery, tickets, dinners, flowers, perfumery, and other extravagancies.

The debtor was recently sentenced at the Old Bailey to four months' imprisonment for stealing a ring, and was brought to the Bankruptcy Court yesterday, in charge of two warders.

PET'S EXPENSIVE FARE.

Summoned for neglecting his wife at Church, Lancashire, yesterday, a young fitter said he earned 28s. a week, out of which he had to provide as follows:—

Hire of furniture	5	d.
Rent of house	14	0
Sweet-takes and toilet (for the dog)	4	0
Coal	4	0
Clubs	3	0
Pocket-money	1	0

The case was dismissed.

外號聞新日朝京東

(可便物便郵三第日一十月三年五十二百二)

日十月二年七十三治明

●旅順港外大海戦
昨日正午の頃、旅順口の
前を通過して當港に到着
したる一英國商船の報道
に據れば、日露兩國の大艦
隊は同様に於て同船通
過の頃、對戦し居たり日
木の大半は其主力を揃
へ列を正しくして猛進す
る砲火を露艦隊に注ぎつ
つあり露艦隊の隊形既に
亂れたる所あるを見受け
たり而して露國の戦艦二
隻及び大なる巡洋艦一隻
は日本の水雷を喰ひたる
ことと思はれ港口を距る
こと遠からざる位置に於
て半死半生の体となり居
たり

●露國艦隊沈没
本日旅順口にて露國艦隊
洋艦ハルラダ六七三二

●旅順海戦沈没露艦
アレキサンドルネフスキー
戦艦は昨日午後二時、旅順
口の外に於て沈没したる
と傳へられたる。此艦は露
國艦隊の主力艦にして、日
木の砲火に喰はれたる。沈
没の頃、艦上には多くの兵
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The above is a Japanese news-sheet giving details of the first great torpedo attack on the Russian fleet at Port Arthur.

A PAGE OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO WOMEN.

THE QUEST OF BEAUTY.

HINTS FOR PERSONAL IMPROVEMENT IN THE SPRING.

After the drab, sad days of winter, which leave their mark upon most countenances, a course of complexion treatment is more than usually necessary. Take it at the hands of a beauty specialist

in hot climates are often overtaken by this tiresome trouble.

Truly the friend of the woman who wishes to be beautiful and to overcome those facial blemishes that are so much against her is Mrs. Seymour, 124, New Bond-street; for she is an operator of great skill in electrolysis, the only safe and sure way by which to remove superfluous hair. Mrs. Seymour is now using a new electric needle, by which wonderful invention—which she only in London, I believe, possesses—the electricity is conducted to the point of the needle solely, thereby rendering the

benefit of a free consultation and tells them what they should do and what should be done to obviate blemishes of any sort or description. Her system of the application of electricity is a delightful experience, and should the patient be suffering from nerve havoc it is just the form of treatment to which she should submit, for the massage movement combined with the application of electricity gives immediate relief.

Of course, the girl who wishes to be called beautiful must be well groomed. Even in the first flush of youth she cannot excel without it, because it is

the eyes, like any other part of the body, will tire, and will wear out if not treated properly. The shaping of the forehead and the filling in the forehead lines are things that no woman should neglect. The brow should be massaged and treated and shaped and cared for until it is clean and pretty, and the line of the hair should be cultivated in order that it may form a feature of beauty.

There is a way now of moulding the nose, and the massage and pinching the beauty specialists are effecting many improvements.



The eyes may be made expressive, and incidentally be strengthened, by being exercised. Turn them upwards and downwards several times in succession, and from one side to another, without moving the head, and whether they be soulful, dreamy, or alert eyes, they will benefit.

and just the precise type of treatment that the patient needs will be meted out to her. A little more, massage upon the brow, where the furrows of time have been more deeply graven than elsewhere, will be given one woman, while the sear and dry cuticle of another will have so freshened that having

operation painless and without a trace afterwards that it has been performed. It is a great boon to the nervous patient (and the woman whose facial disfigurement is to be treated in this way is usually nervous) to know that she is not to suffer any pain whatsoever when

one of the necessary items of loveliness nowadays. Everything about her must be dainty. She must have a clear complexion, be it an olive-tinted or a peach-coloured one. She must possess a nice pair of lips, and teeth that are white and even. And she must own a pair of eyes that are always at their best.

The Windows of the Soul.

Eyes that are at their best will be arched with brows that curve prettily; eyes that are at their best will not be surrounded with red lines, but will be clear and pretty. Eyes that are at their best will be bright eyes. These few points can be controlled, and every woman can have eyes that shine, that are of fair size, arched with nice brows, and that are not red, weeping eyes.

The eyebrows are shaped by being brushed in the right manner. If a girl will take a little warm olive oil, dip a brush into it, and anoint her eyebrows every night with it, she will find that they grow in a shapely manner, and are glossy as well. They will have a very attractive lustre, too, and will look well groomed. As for the lashes, they can be made to grow beautifully if a shilling bottle of Mrs. Seymour's "Mauvell" be bought, and applied as directed each night.

Danger of Wearing Out.

The eyes can be brightened, but they never should be treated by putting drugs into them. If they are kept free from strain, and if the lids are properly treated, the eyes will shine. Very many pretty girls are in the habit of bathing the eyes daily in a weak solution of boric acid, in the proportion of one teaspoonful to a pint of water.

There are many admonitions for the eyes. Do not read by a dim light, nor facing a light. Try not to use the eyes more than four or five hours consecutively, and if there is any trouble with the vision be sure to wear glasses when reading, sewing, or writing.

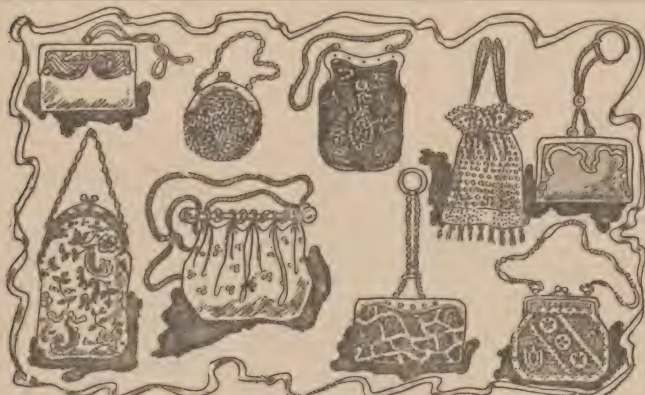
Never strain the eyes, never rub them, never put drugs into them, never go out directly after bathing them in hot water, and when walking try to prevent dust flying into them. Remember that

M. Poldewski, who is attached to the Russian Embassy, has gone to Cannes. He is one of the best bridge players in London—superior, so people say, to Lord Westbury—and there is some talk of asking him to play one of the hands at the Living Bridge entertainment at Hengler's on May 31.

Singular Wills.

There has been a good deal of discussion about the singular provision contained in the will of the late Duke of Saxony, which was to the effect that before his coffin was closed a cut or incision should be made in his body to make absolutely certain that he was dead.

This fear of being buried alive is very strong with some people, and a similar clause was contained in the will of the Rev. Dr. Kerrick, President of Magdalen College, Cambridge. He left ten guineas to his doctor on condition that he should cut off his head as he lay in his coffin, and he also desired that his eldest son should witness the deed. This wish was duly carried out, but it had a severe effect upon the son, who ever afterwards was a distinctly nervous man.



Brocade bags are useful in the spring, and, set in gun-metal and gilt and silver, are very smart. Bags that are made of sterner stuff, like walrus, lizard, and seal, are fitted with copper mouths and chains. Bead bags of the daintiest colours are quaint, and will be very suitable when muslin toilettes are worn.

resembled parchment before it will now rival a rose petal.

A third will require the aid of electrolysis to do away with an ugly growth of hair upon chin or lip, especially if it so happens that business and pleasure have taken her to the East, for sojourners

the electric needle is inserted, and that she may rest assured that her face will not be scarred by the operation.

Excellent common-sense is the keynote of Mrs. Seymour's beauty treatment in this and as regards her complexion sittings. She gives her clients

Many people will in consequence leave town much earlier, although the general mourning will probably only last for ten days.

A Wedding.

The wedding yesterday of Major Ricardo, of the "Blues," to Miss Norah Bell, at Merton Abbey, was quite a St. Patrick's Day wedding. Not only were all the guests present with wedding favours of shamrock, but the bride's bouquet was nearly all shamrock with just a few white flowers intermixed, and she had a great knot of the plant pinned on to her going-away dress.

The bride, who is tall and dark, with masses of soft hair and the loveliest pink colour, is a well-known rider to hounds, so there were a number of well-known hunting people present at her wedding.

People and Plans.

Lord and Lady Henry Bentinck are back in town after their trip to India, and are very busy getting into their new house.

Lady Howe is laid up with a clot of blood in the leg, and has been quite unable to move for the last few days.

SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

No sooner was the death of the Duke of Cambridge announced than a marked change was visible in the West End. While in the morning hours bright spring costumes and flowery hats were the order of the day, in the afternoon everyone was garbed in sombre black. All flags were flying at half-mast, and most of the shops put up the black shutters they exhibited at the time of the Queen's death.

Social Arrangements.

For the present all social functions are at a discount; both the Courts have been postponed, and the King will not go to Knowsley next week to stay with Lord and Lady Derby for the Grand National.

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OXFORD-ST.

PETER ROBINSON'S
OXFORD-ST.

PETER ROBINSON'S
OXFORD-ST.

TWELFTH GREAT WHITE SALE.

MONDAY, MARCH 21st, AND FOLLOWING DAYS.

LADIES' PARISIAN UNDERCLOTHING
HOUSEHOLD LINENS,
LACE CURTAINS, &c.

TO INAUGURATE THE OPENING OF NEW AND SPACIOUS SALOON SHOWROOMS,

WE SHALL OFFER AT THIS SALE BETTER VALUE THAN EVER BEFORE. A VISIT SOLICITED.

SPECIAL DISPLAY OF LATEST NOVELTIES THROUGHOUT THE HOUSE.

DRESS FABRICS, SILKS, BLOUSES, COSTUMES, LACE, UMBRELLAS, GLOVES, HOSIERY, AND TRIMMINGS.

TO ADVERTISE THE REMOVAL OF THESE DEPARTMENTS TO NEWLY-MODELLED SALOONS,

BARGAINS WILL BE OFFERED AT PRICES EVEN LOWER THAN ON ANY PREVIOUS OCCASION.

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OUT TO-DAY.
PART II.

"Japan's Fight for Freedom."

By the Author of
"WITH THE FLAG TO PRETORIA."

6d.

GRAPHICALLY TOLD.
SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED.

"A remarkably good sixpenny-worth. Mr. Wilson's picturesque story of the awakening of Japan to the conditions of modern warfare is a most striking narrative, and it is emphasised by a convincing series of photographs and drawings by prominent war artists."

—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

"Judging from this first number the complete work will be an exhaustive and graphic history of the drama now being played at Port Arthur."

—DAILY GRAPHIC.

"Mr. H. W. Wilson's account of the sudden beginnings of the modern movement in Japan is striking and picturesque, as well as finely illustrated."

—DAILY NEWS.

"Brightly told, well printed, and graphically illustrated."

—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

"The work possesses features which cannot fail to attract interest."

—GLOBE

In consequence of the continued demand, Part I., with which is presented a valuable and attractively coloured map, has again been reprinted, and further editions are

ON SALE TO-DAY.

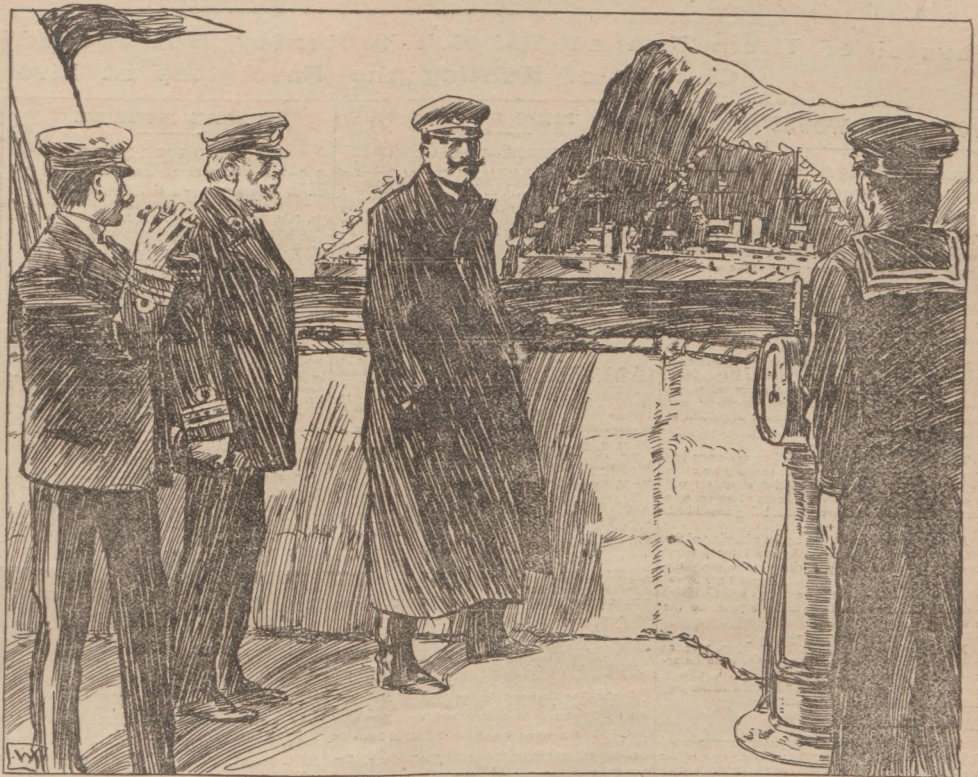
"Japan's Fight for Freedom."

YOUR NEWSMAN SHOULD
HAVE THIS FORM TO-DAY.

Please deliver to me Parts I. and II. of
"JAPAN'S FIGHT FOR FREEDOM," and
the remaining Parts when they are issued.

Name.....
Address.....

THE KAISER AND THE KEY.



H.I.M. the German Emperor is nearing Gibraltar, the key to the Mediterranean. The military spirit of the great War Lord of Europe will be roused by this opportunity of personally seeing the strength of Great Britain's position at the gateway of the East.
(Drawn from photos for the "Mirror".)

"THE NEVER-NEVER LAND."

The play based upon the exciting dramatic story by Mr. Wilson Barrett, which appeared in the pages of the *Mirror* last month, is to be seen for the first time in London at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, on Monday. The cast is a very strong one, including Miss Haidée Wright, who will appear as Smudge, and that sterling actor, Mr. Austin Melford. There will be a professional matinee of the piece on Saturday, March 26, when Mr. Barrett (who will be playing next week at Woolwich) will see his own drama for the first time. A few booked seats will on this occasion be available for the general public.

The first Paris Fair, the idea of which was suggested by the great fairs of Leipzig, was opened yesterday by the Minister of Commerce.

WHERE TO FIND BARGAINS.

Since everyone, this way or that, is a bargain-hunter, the useful new penny weekly, "Bargains," which is issued to-day under the editorship of Mr. Arthur Lawrence, as a medium for sale and exchange, should meet with the success it deserves. The small advertisement rate—fourpence for twelve words—is low—and there are to be no "booking fees." The article, "Bargains I Have Missed," will appeal to all collectors and those who hunt in odd places for "hidden treasures" of art. The journal does not depend on its excellent practical departments alone, but boasts a serial story and other popular features.

Lord Curzon will leave India for England on April 30, sailing from Bombay in the P. and O. steamer Arabia.

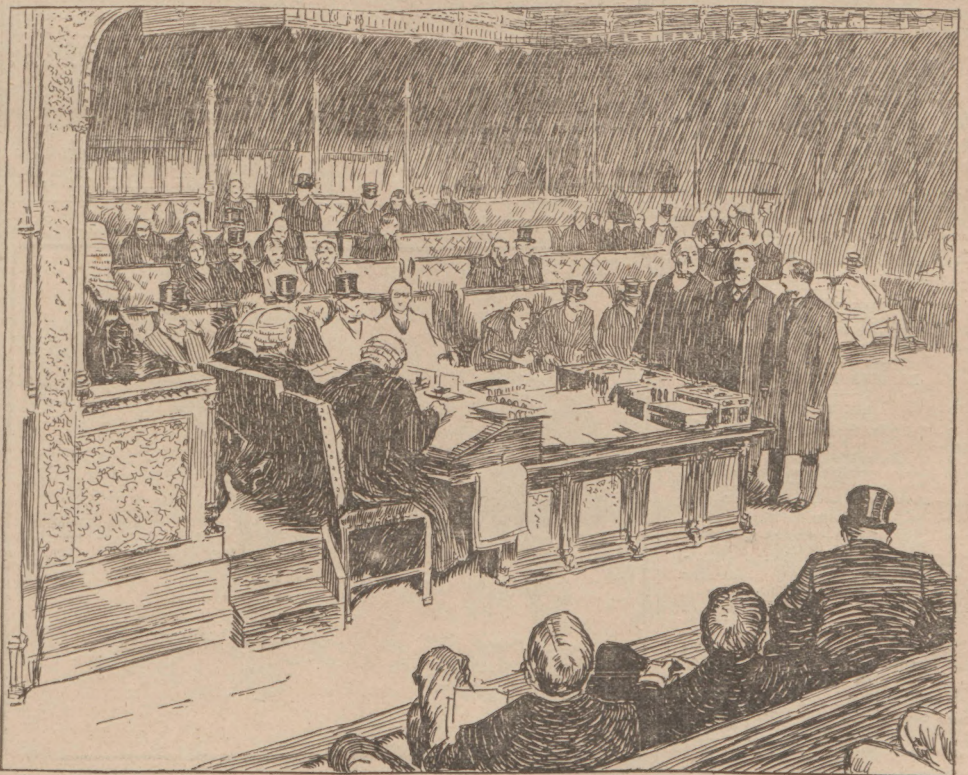
BURGLAR ON SKI.

An up-to-date burglar made a bold bid for liberty at Leysin recently (says our Geneva correspondent). After breaking into his employer's shop and pocketing the contents of the till, he made for the mountains, pursued by some peasants. When the burglar reached the snow-line he donned his ski, which he had previously concealed there, and, waving his cap, he disappeared over the mountain.

The telephone was used, however, and when the burglar arrived at Chateau d'Oex, fatigued and covered with snow, a smiling gendarme was waiting for him with a warrant.

Mr. Alexander George Pirie, of the well-known firm of paper makers, whose death occurred recently, left estate valued at £140,719.

THE COMING OF "LULU," M.P.



Sir William Vernon Harcourt presented his son to an expectant House of Commons yesterday, securing for the representative of the Rossendale Division a flattering reception. "Lulu," as his friends call him, will be a worthy successor of the old parliamentary fighter his father, who retires at the next election.
(by a special artist of the "Mirror".)

GRAND NATIONAL HORSES.

Several of Them Ran at Gatwick Yesterday, But Proved That They Had No Chance of Beating the Favourites at Liverpool.

WOODLAND WOULD CLAIM.

Amusing Changes of Ownership at Gatwick.

The Duke of Cambridge will be much missed at Newmarket, where he so frequently appeared during the eight meetings taking place at the metropolis of the Turf. He was a keen judge of a race-horse, and when sufficiently well, used to turn out to see the saddling operations. He was for over thirty years a member of the Jockey Club.

More bright weather, and a very big attendance, was noted at Gatwick on St. Patrick's Day. Most of the male visitors, and all the ladies, of whom there were many present, wore something like shamrock leaves in their buttonholes or pinned to their jackets.

The idea of having an unsaddling enclosure has caught on, and before the next meeting here the railing is to be completed, so that onlookers will not be able to even touch the heads of horses who have run into the first three whilst being unsaddled.

Another improvement will be the widening of the steps in the principal ring, to avoid the present practice of standing upon chairs to witness the sport. At present the steps of the stand are somewhat narrow. Hat of the new steps will be under cover, but the remainder will be exposed to the weather.

Mr. Gully wanted to buy Easter Ogue, who, as announced in this column yesterday, is to be retrained from the racecourse. But Batho, who is very fond of the horse, said, "I would rather buy him myself and have him shot."

A Gift Horse.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Bottomley has presented Easter Ogue to a friend, who will take care of the gallant old jumper, and we have seen the last of him.

A few people got the "needle" over the Coudon Hurdle Race, in which Reservist did badly, and Rainfall made the whole of the running, when the winner was offered for auction Mr. Hamblin, owner of Kentmere (who shared in the surplus, and could, therefore, afford to bid up), ran the winner to 210 guineas, at which the representative of Clwyd was knocked down. Thereupon E. Woodland claimed Mr. Hamblin's horse, Kentmere, and resolutely refused to return him, although specially requested to do so.

Queen Bee, Peccavi, and Prince Tuscan are all in the Grand National, but can have no chance on their running in the Stewards' Steeplechase, in which Cottenshope, although finishing very tired indeed, won with ease.

Puerto, returned the winner of the International Hurdle Race, was lucky, inasmuch as he swerved right across Clown II. at the final obstacle, and destroyed what looked like very rosy winning prospects of Mr. Heasman's representative. However, Seshore II. managed to get second place, and no objection to the winner could be made advantageous to Mr. Heasman.

Mason On and Off.

Mason, who has promised not to ride in public very much until steering Kirkland at Aintree, came down with Squire II. in the Stewards' Steeplechase, but did not hurt himself. D. Morris got a shaking through the fall of Peccavi, and did not ride again. Mason subsequently steered Viking and Alceus.

Zampa and Kolian won, as expected, the last couple of races, and the latter is disqualified for the Welcome Steeplechase at Lingfield this afternoon.

Percy Woodland rode Kolian, who might have won with great ease, but the leading jockey is contracting a habit of cutting his finishes very fine, as used to be done in the old days on the flat. It is a very unpleasant habit for spectators, and is bound to result to the disadvantage of the rider who indulges in it.

FANCIES FOR TO-DAY.

LINGFIELD.

- 2.0.—Welcome Steeple—THE GRASPER.
- 2.30.—Blethingly Steeple—MORNINGDEW.
- 3.0.—March Hurdle—CHEIRO.
- 3.30.—London and Brighton Steeple—BALA.
- 4.0.—Godstone Hurdle—PORCELAINE.
- 4.30.—March Hare Hurdle—TRELAWEY.

HAYDOCK PARK.

- 2.0.—County Hurdle—SPINNING MINNOW.
- 2.30.—Friday Hurdle—WOLF.
- 3.0.—Golborne Hurdle—CHRISTIAN BELLE.
- 3.30.—March Steeple—THE VENERABLE BEDE.
- 4.0.—Selling N.H. Flat—ZIMBRO.
- 4.30.—Lyme Park Steeple—FAIRY GEM.

THE ARROW.

Roberts, Gloucestershire's fast bowler, has had a serious relapse.

Thames trout-fishing opens on April 1, and a good season is anticipated.

Forest Gate Rosemont defeated Grove House in an Association football match at Wanstead yesterday by 3 goals to nil. The goals were obtained by P. Elliott, W. Anderson, and Watling.

In furtherance of its efforts to improve the Thames as a trout-fishing river the Chertsey branch of the Thames Trout Restocking Association yesterday placed 200 fine trout in the river at Chertsey.

RACING RETURNS.

GATWICK.—THURSDAY.

2.0.—COUNSDON HURDLE RACE of 100 sovs. Two miles. Mr. R. W. Barrow's RAINFALL, by Clwyd—Bingo, 5 yrs, 11st 2lb, won by 100 yds. F. Mason 1. Mr. A. Hamblin's KENTMERE, by Eastabout—Maidstone, aged, 10st 10lb, 2nd. P. Woodland 3. Also ran: Lousp (aged, 11st 7lb), Reservist (5 yrs, 10st 7lb).

(Winner trained by Mr. Gurs.) Betting—6 to 5 agst Kentmere, 9 to 4 Rainfall, 7 to 2 Reservist, 10 to 1 Lousp, 20 to 1 Wip offhand. Won by a head; six lengths divided the second and third. The winner was sold to Mr. Hamblin for 210 guineas, and Mr. Woodland claimed Kentmere.

2.30.—STEWARDS' STEEPLECHASE (handicap) of 200 sovs. Three miles and a half. Mr. C. Levy's COTTENSHOPE, by Eastabout—Maidstone, aged, 10st 10lb, won by 100 yds. E. Driscoll 1. Mr. Moore's PRINCE TUSCAN, aged, 10st 6lb, 2nd. Mr. W. M. Bruton's QUEEN BEE, aged, 10st 10lb, 3rd.

Also ran: Peccavi (aged, 10st 9lb), Cushenden (aged, 11st 10lb), Squid II. (aged, 11st 2lb). Betting—5 to 2 agst Cottenshope, 5 to 1 each Squid II. and Prince Tuscan, 6 to 1 Cushenden, 8 to 1 Peccavi, 10 to 1 Queen Bee. Won by six lengths; had third.

3.0.—INTERNATIONAL HURDLE RACE (Handicap) of 500 sovs. Two miles. Mr. V. T. Thompson's PUERTO, by Gonalo—Promotion, 5 yrs, 11st 9lb, won by 100 yds. E. Driscoll 1. Mr. Spencer Gollan's SEAHORSE II., aged, 11st 12lb, 2nd. Mr. H. Heasman's THE CLOWN II., 4 yrs, 11st 11lb, 3rd.

Also ran: Shang Dhu (5 yrs, 12st 7lb), Lady Drake (5 yrs, 12st 5lb), Watershead (5 yrs, 12st 5lb), Theodoric (5 yrs, 12st 5lb), Dunsinane (5 yrs, 11st 10lb), Beamsih (5 yrs, 11st 10lb), Don'tello (4 yrs, 11st 7lb).

(Winner trained by Amble.) Betting—2 to 1 agst The Clown II., 2 to 1 Puerto, 6 to 1 Don'tello, 7 to 1 Watershead, 8 to 1 Theodoric, 100 to 1 Seahorse II. or any other offered. Won by three lengths; a neck between the second and third.

3.30.—COTLAND HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 100 sovs. Two miles. Mr. O. H. Jones's ALCEUS, by Alway—Ennetta, aged, 10st 2lb, won by 100 yds. E. Driscoll 1. Mr. R. G. G. VIKING, 5 yrs, 10st 10lb, 2nd. Mr. R. G. G. VIKING, 5 yrs, 10st 10lb, 3rd.

Also ran: Hampton Court (5 yrs, 10st 4lb), Glen Choran (aged, 10st 3lb), F. M. G. (aged, 10st 2lb), Moon Ray (5 yrs, 10st), and Mademoiselle d'Arceiz (aged, 10st).

Betting—3 to 1 each agst Hampton Court and Alceus, 4 to 1 Viking, 7 to 1 each Glen Choran and Mademoiselle d'Arceiz, 10 to 1 any other offered. Won easily by four lengths; a length and a half between the second and third. The winner was sold to Mr. W. H. Moore for 50 guineas.

4.0.—BROOK MAIDEN HURDLE RACE of 200 sovs. Two miles. Mr. W. A. Jarvis's ZAMPA, by St. Angelo—Hostage, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb, won by 100 yds. E. Driscoll 1. Mr. Barclay Walker's ALCEUS, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb, 2nd. Mr. E. B. Fisher's PHULNANA, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb, 3rd.

Also ran: The Awakening (4 yrs, 11st 2lb), Moon Ray (5 yrs, 10st), and Mademoiselle d'Arceiz (aged, 10st).

Betting—7 to 2 on Zampa, 6 to 1 The Awakening, 100 to 8 Phulnana, 20 to 1 Alceus offered. Won by four lengths; six lengths divided the second and third.

4.30.—HOPEFUL STEEPLECHASE of 100 sovs. Two miles. Mr. W. M. G. Singer's KOLIAN, by Tarpoley—Kotoker, 4 yrs, 11st 10lb, won by 100 yds. E. Driscoll 1. Mr. W. H. Moore's DRUMKERRIN, 5 yrs, 10st 2lb, 2nd. Mr. J. M. Bell's GOLLANFIELD, aged, 12st 2lb, 3rd.

(Winner trained by Mr. Davies.) Betting—11 to 5 on Kolian, 5 to 2 agst Drumkerrin, 10 to 1 Gollanfield, 20 to 1 any other offered. Won by a length and a half; two lengths separated the second and third.

LONDON BETTING.

LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP.

(Run Tuesday, March 22. Distance one mile.) 15 to 2 agst Uninsured, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb (5 and 6). F. Fallon 1. 8 to 1 — Cosack, 4 yrs, 6st 6lb (5 and 6). G. Blackwell 2.

100 to 12 — Corrier, 4 yrs, 6st 6lb (5 and 6). J. Leach 3. 100 to 9 — Barbetto, 5 yrs, 6st 1lb (4 and 5). W. F. Mason 4. 100 to 9 — Aggressor, 4 yrs, 7st 2lb (5 and 6). G. Edwards 5.

100 to 6 — Switch Cap, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb (4 and 5). M. Gurry 6. 100 to 7 — Lady Help, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb (4 and 5). Chalmor 7. 100 to 7 — Schnappe, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb (4 and 5). R. Sherrard 8. 100 to 9 — Aggressor, 4 yrs, 7st 2lb (5 and 6). J. Leach 9.

25 to 1 — King's Birthday, 4 yrs, 7st 1lb (5 and 6). J. McCall 10. (Run at Liverpool, Friday, March 25. Distance, about four miles and 886 yards.)

GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE.

10 to 1 agst Detail, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb (5 and 6). Privately 1. 10 to 1 — Pallader, 5 yrs, 10st 10lb (5 and 6). J. Leach 2. 10 to 1 — Benvenit, 5 yrs, 9st 10lb (5 and 6). W. Nightingall 3. 100 to 9 — Inquisitor, 5 yrs, 10st 11lb (5 and 6). W. Nightingall 4. 100 to 5 — Kirkland, 5 yrs, 10st 10lb (5 and 6). Thomas 5.

OFFICIAL SCRATCHINGS.

Thursly Handicap, Liverpool.—Thos. All engagements.—Harvest Lassie.

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

LINGFIELD PARK MEETING.

2.0.—WELCOME STEEPLECHASE of 70 sovs. Two miles. Mr. E. Woodland's POLIN, by Clwyd—Bingo, 5 yrs, 11st 10lb, won by 100 yds. F. Mason 1. Mr. J. M. Bell's GOLLANFIELD, by Tarpoley—Kotoker, 4 yrs, 11st 10lb, 2nd. Mr. T. M. Carey's KENTMERE, by Eastabout—Maidstone, aged, 10st 10lb, 3rd.

Also ran: Peccavi (aged, 10st 9lb), Cushenden (aged, 11st 10lb), Squid II. (aged, 11st 2lb). Betting—5 to 2 agst Cottenshope, 5 to 1 each Squid II. and Prince Tuscan, 6 to 1 Cushenden, 8 to 1 Peccavi, 10 to 1 Queen Bee. Won by six lengths; had third.

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Also ran: Shang Dhu (5 yrs, 12st 7lb), Lady Drake (5 yrs, 12st 5lb), Watershead (5 yrs, 12st 5lb), Theodoric (5 yrs, 12st 5lb), Dunsinane (5 yrs, 11st 10lb), Beamsih (5 yrs, 11st 10lb), Don'tello (4 yrs, 11st 7lb).

(Winner trained by Amble.) Betting—2 to 1 agst The Clown II., 2 to 1 Puerto, 6 to 1 Don'tello, 7 to 1 Watershead, 8 to 1 Theodoric, 100 to 1 Seahorse II. or any other offered. Won by three lengths; a neck between the second and third.

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(Winner trained by Mr. Davies.) Betting—11 to 5 on Kolian, 5 to 2 agst Drumkerrin, 10 to 1 Gollanfield, 20 to 1 any other offered. Won by a length and a half; two lengths separated the second and third.

4.30.—MARCH HARE HURDLE RACE of 70 sovs. Two miles. Mr. W. M. G. Singer's KOLIAN, by Tarpoley—Kotoker, 4 yrs, 11st 10lb, won by 100 yds. E. Driscoll 1. Mr. W. H. Moore's DRUMKERRIN, 5 yrs, 10st 2lb, 2nd. Mr. J. M. Bell's GOLLANFIELD, aged, 12st 2lb, 3rd.

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NEWS FROM NEWMARKET.

Dull Form of Bright Alice.

THURSDAY NIGHT. Mr. G. Lambton this morning tried a smart youngster in Persius, who, ridden by W. Lane, very cleverly by three-parts of a length defeated Wedlock fly, Double Event fly (J. Jarvis up), Gurry's Marina (Taker ridden) and Mr. G. Lambton's Brillancy, Hand Grande fly, and Print rig (Hunter up) at four furlongs and a half. Persius, who should be followed, is the property of Lord Derby, and likely to show prominently in the Section Park Plate at Liverpool.

A. B. Sadler, in the presence of Mr. H. Coombe, trained Cadwell (J. H. Martin up); L. Valerie (M. Cannon riding); S. Imago; S. Asperine; A. Circular; S. Golden Hackle (J. Sadler up), 6. Won by about half a length; a length divided the second and third.

Gilbert's Rosebark beat Bright Majenta at five furlongs. Won by half a length. Bright Majenta, who is engaged in the Brockley Stakes at Lincoln, is evidently not so good as originally represented.

R. Day's Jacqueline acquitted herself in good style this morning in a good stripped gallop of five furlongs. She should be followed for her early liabilities.

Danny Maher rode Servitor this morning in a steady gallop of one mile and a half in company with Phantasm.

K. Cannon was on the back of Mr. Leopold de Rodhe's child's St. Anne, who he rode as a capital gallop of a mile with Kunstler and Bass Rock. In the above gallop St. Anne exhibited grand form.

M.C.C. ON THE WAY HOME.

ADLAIDE, Thursday. The English cricket team sailed for home by the Orient Pacific liner Orontes. On arriving at Fremantle they will play a football match.—Reuter.

"W. W." AND THE ASHES.

W. W. Read, the one time famous Surrey cricketer, will take the chair as "Smoker" at the Taibot, London Wall, on Wednesday next, to celebrate the bringing home of the ashes.



BOAT RACE PRACTICE.

Only light work was done by both crews yesterday. Oxford went out at 12.10, being absent thirty-five minutes. They paddled with several eases, the Crab Tree and back, with one or two bursts on the return journey.

Cambridge, who put off as their rivals were coming home, the crew less, pulled up steadily on the mile post and back, and never attempting a racing stroke.

After luncheon the Light Blues went out at twenty minutes to four, accompanied by a Leader combination, which included B. Cox, H. Willis, H. W. Adams, and F. J. Escombe. They journeyed up to Harrod's, and turning, had a spurt of two on the club before coming back to moored skiffs opposite Craven Steps.

From thence, with both racing at thirty-seven to the minute, the Cantabs drew clear in sixty-four seconds. The latter showed excellent form, and stopped at the end of 11.5sec. The outing occupied thirty-five minutes.

Oxford also had a scratch crew from the Thames R.C. when they went afloat at four o'clock. Thames stopped at Hammersmith and turned, while Oxford went on to the Dove. On the way home there were several short bursts, and then a race from moored skiffs along the Craven Grounds.

Oxford at once showed in front, and were a length ahead at the Thames Boatouse, where the scratch crew eased. Oxford stopped in 11.11sec., and then pulled in, having displayed vastly improved form. Today they row a trial, about two o'clock, and may also be out about half-past ten, while the Cantabs will be afloat at noon and half-past three.

HOCKEY.

For the hockey match at Dublin to-morrow, between England and Canada, it has been found necessary to make five alterations in the English team. The amended team is as follows:—

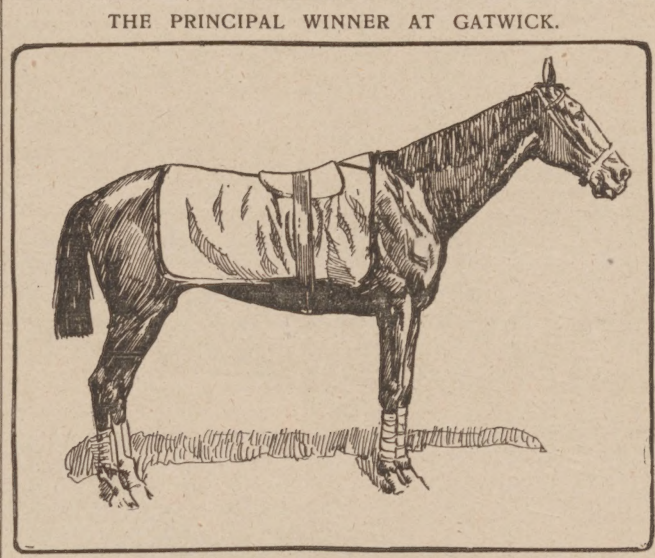
F. D. Thorpe (Brighton), goal; H. C. Boycott (Northampton) and E. V. Jones (Wolverhampton), backs; N. N. Burns (Wolverhampton), F. F. Blatherwick (Chester), and F. F. Golding (University), half backs; F. F. Peel (Birmingham), A. I. Draper (Birmingham), D. H. Scott (Acton), G. F. Fellow (Alderley Edge), and W. Milne (Alderley Edge), forwards. The Scotland contingent will leave Euston by the 11 a.m. train this morning. Mr. G. H. Lings will be the English umpire.

ATHLETICS.

Over fifty starters, representing nine teams, took part in the annual Cross-Country Champion Race at Cambridge yesterday, when Linton finished first with 38 points, Cherterson second, with 13 more, while the All-England Institute was third, with 10 points. The runners were: (1) G. M. Parkinson (Linton), 39; (2) H. H. Stacey (Linton), 39; (3) H. Thorpe (Cherterson), 39.

RACQUETS.

The final tie for the Military Singles Championship was decided at Princes' Club, Knightsbridge, yesterday, by Captain H. Balfour-Bryant (2nd Bat. H.L.I.) and Lieutenant Colonel R. B. Baggott (The Buffs). The match ended in a win for Balfour-Bryant, after a long rubber, by 4 games to love, the scores being 15-0, 15-0, 15-0, and 15-0.



John M.P., the young steeplechaser who won the valuable Tantiy Steeplechase at Gatwick, was named in honour of his breeder. He has developed a habit of swerving towards the end of a contest, but is otherwise possessed of good fencing ability and admirable speed.

THE CITY.

"Spotty" State of the Stock
Exchange.

"The Stock Exchange yesterday was what is called 'spotty.' The all-round enthusiasm of the past few days showed signs of slackening. Here and there a keen kept up a show of enthusiasm; for instance, there was nothing to matter with Consols. But, as speculators for the fall, or at least the timid ones, have been sufficiently frightened in, there was a wonderful slackening of buying in South African mining shares and in American Rails, and the Continent did not keep Foreigners on the upward move. It is another proof of the recent contention in these columns that the public investor was not buying.

In money circles people were less confident. The Bank Return, it is true, was a strong one from the point of view of the Bank of England, inasmuch as the Reserve was £410,000 higher, and the ratio of Reserve to Liabilities had increased from 49.9 to the high figure of 50.55 per cent. But the Bank rate was not altered and another point was that the tax collections had diminished the money market supplies by a matter of £1,298,000.

New Issue, by
The most satisfactory feature perhaps of the day was the confident statement that £4,000,000 of Irish Land stock was about to be issued in 24 per cent. at 84, and that the Government had been able to obtain £5,000,000 of 3 per cent. stock. The Water Board is making arrangements with the Bank of England to raise £1,000,000 of 4 per cent. of long term bonds; the London water companies; the London County Council has to raise some £14,000,000 within the next eight months, and it is said that Japan has been asked to lend Russia and Japan what in connection with the war. It is all very well, but it is a pity that the Government has not been able to raise £10,000,000 of 4 per cent. stock, though she has definitely made arrangements for issuing a new loan of £40,000,000 of 4 per cent. stock. The Government has been very generous here are the grim facts of the many new loans abroad and they are sufficiently bad to make the Government's position seem very much better. The Government have done very well without this Irish Land loan as a reminder of the

However, the news did not seem to be known generally on the Stock Exchange during official hours, and Consols kept cheerful throughout at yesterday's level until just at the close, and the Transvaal loan was ever inclined to improve.

Railways Mostly Weak. The public did not come forward for Home Railways and so the dealers who had been buying a little stock lately in anticipation spoke disparagingly of the overworked traffic, and there was a general feeling of gloom over the Board of Trade had called attention to the overcrowded state of the carriages of the Metropolitan during certain hours of the day was not in favour of Metropolitan, though the Board of Trade was not in the District in that particular. Great Westerns and Midlands were perhaps as good as anything, for these are the two lines which are showing up so well in the matter of traffic. But nearly everything else was depressed, though in a

The American Railway market was a little hesitant as a result of the New York advances overnight not being quite so good. Prices were inclined to droop, but New York made a feeble attempt to rally them later. Still there were no features of special interest, and until the street market the tone was dull. After official hours the market went better. Canadian Rails took much the same course as Americans, and, somewhat curiously, though the Grand Trunk traffic decrease of 428,321 was below expectations, there was a weaker tendency for Grand

The Argentine Railway group derived benefit again from Wednesday's good traffic showings and the fact that the Government was winning the Congress election. But the recent movement has been rather speculative and the public were selling again before the finish. Quite a feature was the revival of interest in Mexican Railway descriptions.

copper in sight gave Rio Tinto a fillip in the morning, but copper shares merely followed the course of other Continental bourse favourites. Along with Spanish and Turks they slipped back later, and the same applies to nearly all the South American securities even Uruguays, in spite of the better revolution news being dull. Moreover, the war bonds, Russians and Japans, were falling back at the close, though Russian continued higher for the day. But evidence on the Continent was in London, the averages hanging back, and the speculation was not had enough of it and is selling again. The Buenos Ayres Provincial Cédulas holden rejected the scheme at yesterday's meeting.

It is difficult to point to features of interest in the Miscellaneous group. The knowledge of the many new issues coming renders it almost certain that the Government will agree to buy out the dock companies in stock rather than in cash. If so, it will mean favourable terms for the Docks, and so Dock stocks keep firm. Nelsons are dull, and Liptons are put lower on talk of no dividend being forthcoming.

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

*. The "Daily Illustrated Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike most of our contemporaries, we take special care to obtain the last quotations in the Street markets after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

The following are the closing prices for the day:

GOVERNMENT, &c., STOCKS.					
Consols 2½ pc....	87½	86½	India 2½ pc.....	79½	79½
Do Account	86½	86½	Do 3½ pc.....	103	104

Transvaal Loan...	96	96	Local Loans 3 pc.	96	97
Rupce Paper 3½ pc	65	65	London C. C. 3 pc	91½	91½
India 3 pc.....	95	95			

FOREIGNERS.

Argentina 1885	100	101	1895	67	70
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Argentina, 1890-1900	101	Jap. spc. Cd. 1890-6	77	78
Do Fund 6pc. 102	103	Do 4 pc.	64	65
Do W'works. 5pc 92	92	Do 5 pc (New)	74	75
Do E. Cedula 44	44	Peruvian Crp. Db.	90	91
Do I.Pr.C'dlas. 75	75	Peru Pref.	20	20
Brazilian C'd 1889 75	75	Portuguese (New)	59	59

do W.of Minas	85	86	Russian 4 pc 1890	93	94
Chinese 5pc 1896	98	98	Spanish 4pc (Sid.)	81	81
Egyptian Unified	104	104	*Turkish 4pc Un'd	78	78
Greek 4 pc Mply.	42	43	Uruguay 3 pc	54	54
Italian 5pc (taxed)	100	100			

HOME RAILS.			
Brighton Def. ...	106½	106½	Hull and Barnsley 34½ 35½
†Caledonian Def. 27	27	27	Lanc. & Yorkshire 88 89
Centl. Lon. Ord. ...	93½	94	Met. Consolidated 85 86
Chatham Ord. ...	12½	12½	Met. District 89 90

City & S. London	40	50	Midland Def.	62	63
Gl'g'w & S.-W.Df.	34	36	North British Def.	40	40
Great Central "A"	12	12	North Eastern	133	133
Great Eastern	85	85	North Western	145	145
Gr. Northern Def.	35	36	South East Def.	48	49

Great Western ..	132	133	South West. Def..	47	48
AMERICANS.					
Atchison	681	682	Norfolk & W. Com.	581	582
Ditto 5pc Pref.	912	922	Do Pref.....	881	882
Baltimore & Ohio	701	702	Do	891	892

Baltimore & Ohio 78	79	Pennsylvania	58	69
Chi., Mil., & S. Pl. 144	145	Phil. & Reading ..	21	21
Denver C. Stock 19	19	Do 1st Pref.	38	39
Do Pref.	69	Southern Pacific..	45	46
Erie Shares.....	25	Southern Ord. ..	20	20
Do Pref.	65	Do Pref.	95	96

Illinois Central . . .	130	130	Union Pacific . . .	76	77
L'ville and N'ville	105	106	Do Pref.	89	90
Mex. C'l 'B' Deb	81	83	U. S. Steel Ord. . .	11	11
Missouri, K. & T.	48	51	Do Pref.	59	59
N. Y. Central . . .	118	118	Wabash Pref. . . .	34	35

N.Y. Ontario 20	20	Do 6pc Debbd 61	62
COLONIAL AND FOREIGN RAILS.			
Arg.Gt.West.Ord.100	101	*G'd Trk. Guar. .. 96	96
Bahia Blanca Pref. 54	55	*Do 1st Pref. .. 99	99
Buenos-Aires C. 101	100	*Do 2d Pref. .. 94	94

Small Advertisements

are received at the offices of the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" at 43 and 44, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Carnarville Street, E.C., between the hours of 10 and 7 (Saturdays, 10 to 2), for insertion in the issue of the following day, at the rate of 12 words 1/6 (1d. each word afterwards). Advertisements sent by post, must be accompanied by Postal Orders crossed BARCLAY & CO. (stamps will not be accepted).

Daily Illustrated Mirror* advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" Office, a separate department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps for covering postage must be sent with the advertisement.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Cook.
COOK-GENERAL; disengaged; 2 years' excellent ref.
early Irish.-Hester, 43, Victoria-street, Bristol.

General Servant.
GENERAL; disengaged; 21; neat court servant; ex-
cellent ref.; 14-15, 11-2, Partridge-street, Walsall.

Miscellaneous.

PERSONALLY recommended servants of all kinds no
doubting refs. Lady's-maid, Parlourmaid, Housemaid,
Cook, Butlers, Coachmen, Footmen, Between-hand,
Kitchen-maid, &c., &c. - Broad-street, Bureau, 40,
New Bond-street. Telephone, 3868 Gerrard. One shilling
booking fee to ladies, and 1s. in the pound on the first
year's salary; 6d. booking fee to servants.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

General Servants.
GENERAL (good, clean) wanted at once for small flat.
plain cook; good references essential.-Apply per-
sonally after three o'clock, 55, Oakmead-road, Balham
S.W.

GENERALS (2) wanted for drapery business house.-Apply
Mrs. Frank Bodger, 219, High-road, Hifford.

HOUSE-PAULMURDAIDS. and Housemaid (experienced) for a family, 3; wages £22-167, North End-road, West Kensington.

HOUSE-PAULMURDAID (experienced); small family £22. Apply immediately, Thompkin, Avon Lodge, West Kensington.

Miscellaneous.

A GOOD AGENCY; cash or credit; unlimited scope—Particulars of John Myers and Co., Ltd. (Dept. D.M.), 161, Westminster Bridge-road, London. Establishment 1817.

AKE—Wanted, Persons who could devote a few hours daily to titrating potencies, prints, etc.; good prices were sent—Particulars addressed, Bow, St. Stafford Works, 31, Stafford-road, Bow, London.

COMFORTABLE increasing Income, either sex with £2000 a year, 1000 Shares, Incorporated Tax Estates, Mansion House Chambers, London.

TEVENING EMPLOYMENT; addressing envelopes for nominating other addressers.—For terms—send address, London, North, Department 29, York-building, Adelphi, London.

MONEY easily earned at home (either sex); work taken to customers' abode; thoroughly genuine.—Addressed envelope, Cameron and Co., 19, Silvester-road, East Dulwich.

SEVENTY Pounds a Year.—Youths between 17 and 25 may earn this salary in Government offices as second division Clerks if they will pass an examination for which they may be given at St. Kerr's College, 27, Chancery-lane, London, W.C.; day evening, and postal classes; terms for admission, 10s. recent exam., short hand, and a prospect of obtaining £250 a year, and a retiring pension of 2500 pounds, if successful.—For particulars, see above. Secretary, Civil Service Manual, post free, 2s. 3d.

YOUTH wanted; must write quickly; addressing principally state age and salary required.—Write 1314 "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.

2 WEEKLY.—Evening or spare time employment offered to any person, everywhere.—For particulars, send 2d. envelope to Manager, 74, Mycroft-street, Clapham, London.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Pianos exchanged.

HARMONIUM; full size; splendid tone; grand condition; owner leaving England; £5 10s.—Wicks, C2; Chelsea Barracks, London, S.W.

PIANO; walnut; trichord; good condition; 6 guineas.—Davies, 33, Calabaria-road, Highbury, N.

VIOLIN (valuable); marvellous tone; labelled Stradivari

GARDENING.

CARNATION Seed, with full cultural directions, 1s.
Arthur Cook, Southvale, Upper Norwood.

"CLIFF," the "Rose King," for beautiful Roses; hundred testimonials; 12 choice varieties, named. 3s.; 3 hardy ramblers, 3 colours. 1s. 6d.; catalogue free.—**Cliff, Stechford**.

"GARDEN LIFE" is the largest and best Penny Paper for amateur gardeners; see this week's issue; profusely illustrated with diagrams, and full of hints for every

GLADIOLUS Roots, growing 3ft., with spikes of dazzling
blooms 18in. long; all colours; 30 for 2s., 60 3s.

100 ss., post paid. Begonias and Gloxinias—Collection of 2 double, 6 single Begonias, and 4 Gloxinias, for 2s., with cultural instructions; two lots for 3s. 6d., post paid.—I. Kennelly, Chadwell Heath, Essex.

PRIZE-WINNING Roses, choicest named, 5s. dozen, carriage paid; catalogues free.—Morris, FRHS, Ashley

52 PENNY PACKETS of choice flower garden seed, a different; ample supply, post free, 1s. 1½d.—Imperial Supply Stores, 4-12, Crompton-street, Newington, Bury

PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL

ADVANCES: £19 and upwards.—Apply by letter Mr. J. H. North, 10, Bridge, 10, Broadway, Woking.

F. NORTH and Co., 82, Borough High-street, London

L OANS.—£25 and upwards; any distance; repay by post
—Gould, Bishopscote Guildford

**BUSINESSSES FOR SALE AND
WANTED.**

TAILOR'S Business for sale; good connection; cash trade
—Apply Bovingdon, Loughton, Essex.

Small advertisements continued on next page.

